

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 563.—Vol. XXII.

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The reason why so many are unable to take Cocoa is, that varieties commonly sold are mixed with Starch, under the plea of rendering them soluble, while really making them *thick, heavy, and indigestible*. This may be easily detected, for if Cocoa thickens in the cup it proves the addition of Starch. CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE is genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocoas, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

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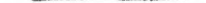
THE GRAPHIC

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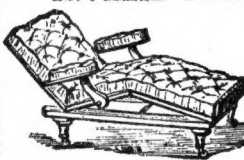
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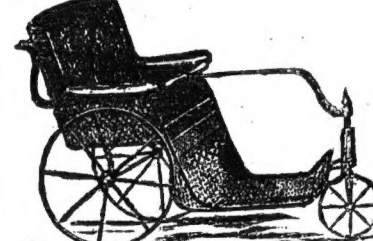
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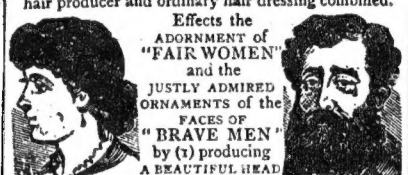
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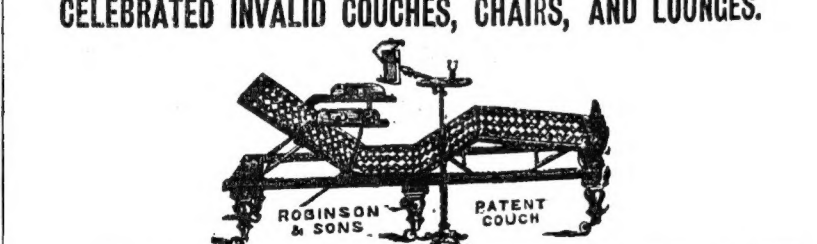
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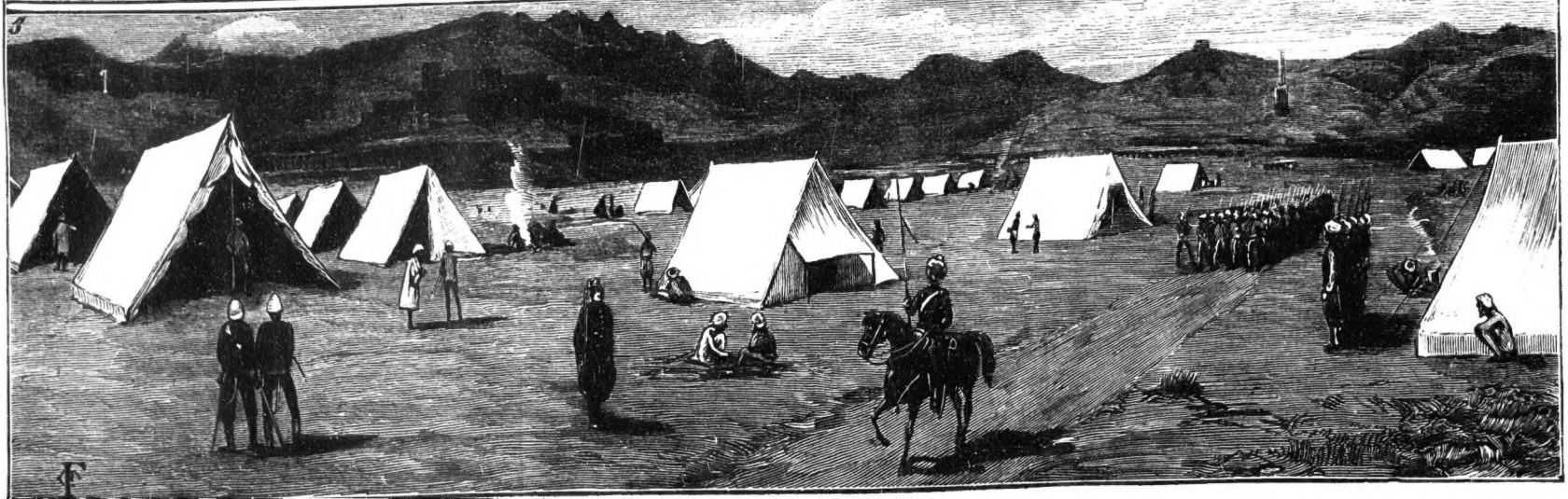
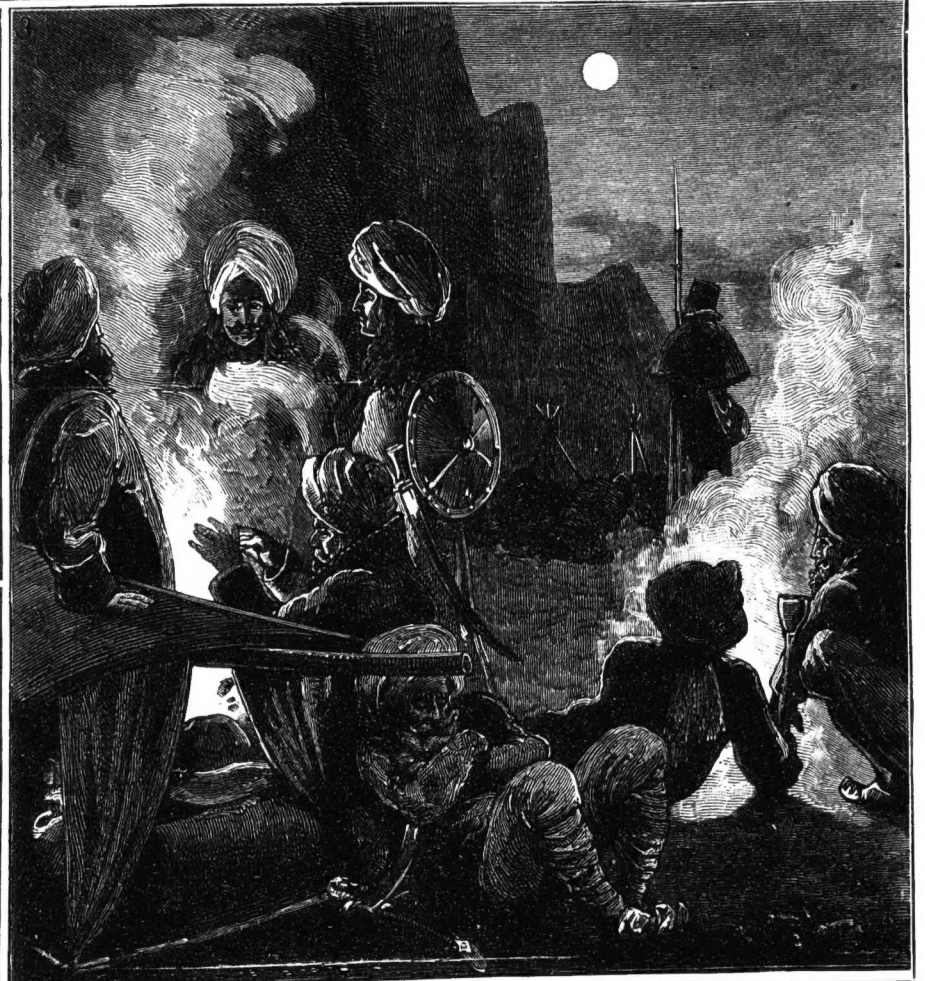
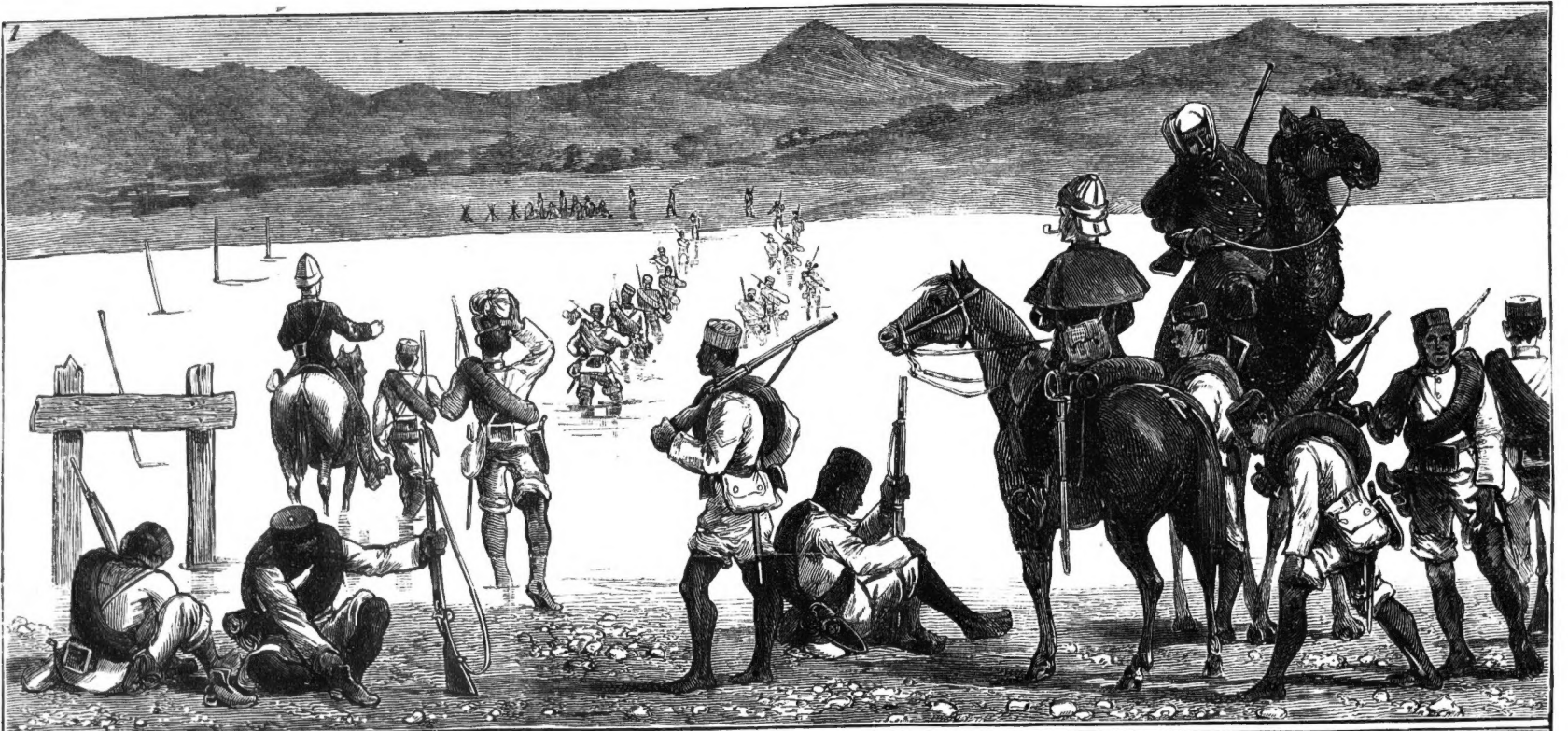
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 563.—VOL. XXII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. Crossing the Narrya River at Mittri.—2. Natives Bringing in Supplies: "A Bargain."—3. A Bivouac of the Goorkhas between Bandawala and Khubrodhani.—4. Our Transport Officer in a Dilemma.—5. The Fortress of Ghuznee from the Goorkha Camp.

AFGHANISTAN—ON THE ROAD TO CANDAHAR

Topics of the Week

THE PROROGATION.—At last the self-denying M.P.'s who preferred duty to sport are released from their labours, and it is to be hoped that, unless some exceptionally urgent matter should call them together, November 24th practically means February, and that the Speaker's Chair will remain covered up for five months to come. Now that it is all over, even their most strenuous opponents will scarcely blame the Government for having kept the Parliament sitting into September, since the only other alternative would have been to defer a large amount of legislation until next year; while, as the bulk of the electors have no opportunity of shooting grouse, it is not likely that they sympathise very keenly with those legislators who were hindered from indulging in that recreation. But, of course, if every M.P. had behaved as his neighbours would wish him to behave, a Session begun even as late as this began need not have been so protracted. The first serious cause of delay was the Bradlaugh business. It was thoroughly muddled by both parties, and in the end Mr. Bradlaugh got his way, as all persons outside Parliament perceived from the first that he would, with the gratifying addition of making his name notorious all over the world. The second serious cause of delay has been Irish business. Here both the Government and the Home Rulers are to blame. Not that it is of any use to blame the Home Rulers. "It is their nature to," as Dr. Watts says. They are elected by a set of people who abhor the English connection, or who, at any rate, make believe that they abhor it (for there is a great deal of make-believe in Ireland), and the Home Rule M.P.'s are obliged to carry out their masters' wishes. Obstruction, therefore, is to them the oxygen of their Parliamentary existence. The Government are in a totally different position, they are responsible for the well being of the whole Empire, and it is difficult to absolve them from most serious errors in their recent Irish policy. Under the judicious rule of their predecessors, who relieved distress vigorously, but firmly discouraged revolutionary hopes, the anti-rent agitation was diminishing. But when Mr. Forster dressed himself in Mr. O'Connor Power's old clothes, and proposed a measure which to the fervid Celtic imagination looked like the total abolition of rent, and was not, indeed, so very far removed from that issue, he sent an electric shock all over Ireland. Landlords were terrified, tenants were delighted. Fortunately, the Lords, with the connivance of the Moderate Liberals in the Lower House, threw out this dangerous measure, but its mere proposal did infinite mischief, and if Ireland remains tolerably quiet this winter, the quietude will be due rather to the abundance of the harvest than to the wisdom of the Government. These Irish delays necessarily shortened the time for other business, some of which, such as the Ground Game Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill, required, from the multiplicity of their details, to be minutely discussed. On the whole, considering the shortness of the Session, and the delays above referred to, Parliament has achieved a fair amount of legislative work; while, as regards the Ministry, its new members may especially be congratulated on the capacity they have shown for the duties entrusted to them.

MR. FORSTER AND THE LORDS.—Mr. Forster may at least congratulate himself on having created a "sensation" by his warning to the House of Lords. It is true that in his explanation to Lord Granville he tried to minimise the effect of his language; but the fact remains that he addressed a direct menace to the Upper House. While the impression produced by his words was profound, it soon passed away: a circumstance which is very suggestive of the real position of the House of Lords. Nothing could be more provoking to the Radicals than the manner in which their pet schemes are often dealt with by our hereditary legislators. A drastic scheme of reform has scarcely a chance of being passed by them on the first occasion on which it reaches them; and when at last they give way they are almost sure to introduce some modifications repugnant to Radical enthusiasts. Hence the outcry which is periodically raised as to the necessity of limiting, if not of abolishing, the legislative functions of the peers. Nobody, however, supposes that there is much sincerity in this outcry. In matters of vital interest the English people are essentially Conservative; and it is perfectly well understood that they would hesitate before acting violently towards the oldest of the two Houses, and the one which, notwithstanding its defects, affords the best guarantee that the moderation and good sense of the nation shall be adequately represented in the transaction of public business. In these circumstances Mr. Forster must be held to have committed, even from his own point of view, a serious error in telling the Lords that if they did not take care some terrible calamity might overtake them. He was uttering a threat without genuine significance, and nothing could tend more effectually to diminish the authority of a responsible Minister.

GENERAL ROBERTS' VICTORY.—Last week we expressed a doubt as to whether Ayooob-Khan would risk a battle with the advancing British, and no doubt now he heartily wishes that he had adopted the more wary though less showy policy

of retreat. If he had persistently retired before our forces he might have wearied them out, and thus kept the unrestful country of the Afghans for years in a state of turmoil. After the successive surprises of the Cavagnari massacre and the disaster of Khushk-y-Nakhud, it would be foolish to holla too soon. We are not out of the wood yet, but Roberts' victory has undoubtedly cleared the way for our exit. Ayooob's defeat, although he was not pursued so strenuously as perhaps he might have been, appears nevertheless pretty thorough, and of course this momentous incident seriously affects the calculations of our nominee Ameer, Abdurrahman. Supposing for a moment that Roberts had been routed as Burrows was routed (if we can imagine an incident at once so deplorable and so improbable), is it likely that the Ameer would have been able to hold his own against a rival flushed with victory? As matters now are, he has a far better chance of success, and perhaps his admitted weakness (as regards his popularity among his own countrymen) may incline him to remain loyal to the Power which seated him on his throne. The most ardent apologists of the late Government must now find it difficult to justify the wisdom of our attack on Shere Ali. By means of a profuse expenditure in blood and money we may possibly have secured a more defensible frontier than we formerly possessed, but, on the other hand, the Afghans are necessarily more hostile to us than they were, and are therefore more likely to intrigue with any Power which might wish to do our Indian Empire a mischief.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SUPREMACY.—Mr. Gladstone can hardly fail to have been impressed by the reception he obtained on his return to Parliament. Men of all parties appeared to be equally pleased to see him in his place again; and the feeling which prevailed in Parliament prevailed in every part of the country. The truth is that at this moment Mr. Gladstone enjoys almost absolute supremacy; and there is hardly any enterprise which he might not undertake with a fair hope of executing it. A good many people talk rather solemnly about this concentration of power in the hands of one man; and, no doubt, it is a fact which deserves to be attentively studied. It should, however, be observed that there is nothing exceptional in the authority which Mr. Gladstone now wields. When he was last in office, his position was very much the same; and for a time the influence of Lord Beaconsfield was, if possible, still greater. If we look to other countries, we find the same tendency to make one man the supreme representative of the popular will. In Germany Prince Bismarck can do exactly what he pleases; and if M. Gambetta is not quite so important a man in France, his importance is certainly much more considerable than would at one time have been thought compatible with Republican ideas. All over Western Europe the democratic movement has advanced during the present century with extraordinary rapidity, and it seems, on the whole, to be opposed to the authority of mere assemblies. The multitude has some difficulty, apparently, in believing in the reality of government unless there is a predominant voice to which it may always listen with confidence and respect.

NEGRO VOTERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—It is usually rather difficult for Englishmen to take a very lively interest in the Presidential contests of our American cousins, partly because they are discussed at wearisome length long beforehand, and partly because the "platforms" of the respective candidates often appear to the eye of the foreigner practically indistinguishable from each other. There is, however, sometimes more real difference than shows itself upon the surface. The Southern Whites, for example, are declared to be eager for the return of Hancock, because they believe that his election will restore to them the ancient political preponderance which they enjoyed up to 1861. And it is significant that the Negroes, who formerly went almost solidly Republican, are now inclining in many instances to vote the Democratic ticket. This is not because the Negro has begun to dislike the Republican party, to whom he is indebted for freedom and for the privileges of citizenship, but because he wants a quiet life. He perceives that Democratic coloured folks prosper, and that Republican ditto do not. This is a significant proof that the Southern Whites, who have gradually reassumed much of their old social influence, are exerting a strong and almost irresistible pressure on the blacks. Let us hope that it is a pressure of persuasiveness and not of terrorism. Each race needs the other. Without the Negro the fields would lie untilled. Without the man of European origin, the Negro would sink into Haytian semi-barbarism. It is thus plain that great issues may lie hidden in the forthcoming Presidential struggle, and nothing would unite the Northerners more zealously round the Garfield banner than a belief that the "solid South" were purposing to resume their old high-handed traditions.

ENGLAND AND THE FATE OF TURKEY.—The speech of Mr. Gladstone, in reply to Mr. Cowen, has not attracted so much attention as might have been expected. It was the first formal utterance, on behalf of the present Government, distinctly indicating that England will no longer make herself responsible for the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire. Had an English Prime Minister made such a declaration as this a few years ago, all Europe would have been startled. Now it is scarcely commented on, and even

at home we let it pass as if it were almost a matter of course. It would be a mistake to suppose that this indifference springs from the conviction that the days of the Porte are numbered, and that it would never do for England to associate herself with a falling cause. It may be that the Turkish Government is doomed; but it may also be that it has still a long lease of life. Everything depends, not on the decision of England, but on that of the other Powers over which she has slight influence. The commanding fact in the present situation of Europe is that Austria and Germany have become sincere and close allies. If they resolved to destroy the Porte, they might give effect to their determination in spite of Great Britain; and they would be equally able, if they pleased, to support Turkey against any possible combination of enemies. This is the real explanation of the calmness with which European statesmen have read Mr. Gladstone's declaration. They may have the greatest respect for him and his country; but they know that the question is no longer one about which even a great English Premier can utter the last word.

BETTING AND BETTING.—There are two successive columns in Monday's *Times*, which might cause to an intelligent foreigner (say from China or Japan) some intellectual bewilderment. In the first column he would find—in all the dignity of big type—some prospective notes on the forthcoming races at Sandown and Doncaster, with a careful account of the betting on the St. Leger. Betting, he would argue from this, whether regarded as a pastime or a business, is evidently a legitimate pursuit. But he would not feel so sure of the correctness of this inference when he came to read the contents of the second column in little type. For there he would read that two well-dressed gentlemen, who were engaged in the apparently innocent occupation of betting in a street bearing the picturesquely mediæval name of Hanging Sword Alley, were brought by the police before Sir Andrew Lusk, and fined respectively 5*l.* and 2*l.* Further, our intelligent Jap would learn that an enterprising tradesman near Grosvenor Square, for the offence of being not only a bootmaker but a bookmaker, had rendered himself liable to a fine of 300*l.*, but was mercifully mulcted in the sum of 75*l.* only. Seriously, we venture to call the attention of the Government during the recess to the anomalous condition of the laws about betting. They are utterly indefensible. That which is wrong in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, can scarcely be right in Grosvenor Place. They are based on the assumption, exploded in other matters, that the poor need a protection which the rich can do without. Moreover, they are utterly inoperative. They do not hinder betting in any sensible degree. When the professional betting agents were driven out of London they simply settled in Boulogne, where they carry on as brisk a trade as ever. Let us try and clear away the cant which has settled round this subject, and try and legislate on the subject like men of sense. Some of the worst mischiefs of betting would disappear if it were relieved from this fascinating flavour of illegality, and made, by means of a moderate stamp duty, to contribute to the revenue. If the sot, who burns his liver up with gin, is a patriot, inasmuch as he helps to keep our soldiers and sailors, why should not the gamester be also allowed to become a patriot after this pattern?

M. DE FREYCINET'S DIFFICULTIES.—The question whether the non-authorised Congregations should be dealt with harshly or mildly continues to absorb public attention in France. It becomes more and more obvious that the Radical party are determined, if possible, to force the Government to adopt severe measures. On the other hand, M. de Freycinet has definitely promised that the March Decrees should not be executed against these bodies, but that lay and ecclesiastical corporations alike shall be subjected to a new and perfectly equitable set of laws. Of course, if M. Gambetta refuses to sanction this scheme, M. de Freycinet will have either to submit or to resign; for in a matter of so much importance he could not hope to triumph in opposition to his old friend and chief. As yet M. Gambetta has not clearly indicated what course he means to take. The *République Française* speaks out vehemently enough against the Congregations; but it is possible that it is adopting a perfectly independent line. Most foreigners who wish well to M. Gambetta and the Republic are sincerely anxious that he should decide to associate himself with the Prime Minister. This would afford absolute proof that he intends hereafter to depend rather on the moderate than on the extreme section of his followers; and it might help to put an end to that unreasoning hatred of the Church which is still characteristic of many excellent French Liberals. At the time when this feeling originated it may have been justified by the character of the clergy as a class; but now it is a mere "survival," for which there is not even a tolerable excuse. The Church still exerts immense influence, and, if treated with fairness and consideration, it might soon become the surest support of existing institutions.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued AN EXTRA FOUR-PAGE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, *Illustrative and Descriptive of VENICE*, by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.—The Quarter Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 250 and 261.

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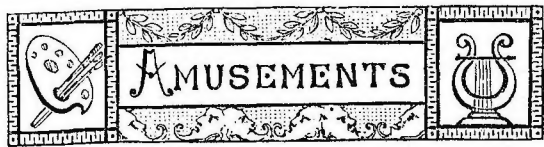
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AFGHANISTAN

ON THE ROAD TO CANDAHAR

THESE sketches are by Lieutenant Charles Pulley, Adjutant 3rd Goorkhas. No. 1 represents a portion of the expeditionary force crossing the river Narra, at Mittri, near Dadur, about half-way between Gundava and Quetta; the Bolan range of mountains appearing in the distance. No. 2 is an every day incident of camp life—the appearance of natives in camp with some of the products of the country which they are anxious to dispose of to the invader. No. 3 is a bivouac of the 3rd Goorkhas at a spot about midway between Bandawala and Khubrodhani. The Oriental costumes of the native soldiers and the magnificent masses of rock in the background, dimly lighted up by the camp-fires, make the scene very picturesque. No. 4 is a sketch in the Bolan Pass, where our transport officer, finding that all the baggage camels were afflicted with rheumatism and unable to work, sat down upon a stone to cogitate over the dilemma in which he was placed. No. 5 is a general view of the Fortress of Ghuznee from the East, the sketch being taken from the Goorkha camp. The town, which in ancient times was the capital of a great empire, stands on a slight elevation in a plain at the foot of the Gool mountain range. It is surrounded by stone walls flanked with numerous towers, outside of which is a fausse braye, and a wet ditch. It is entered by three gates, and has several bazaars, but the only building of any importance is the citadel, which encloses a palace.

SURVEYING FOR THE CANDAHAR RAILWAY

THESE engravings, which are from sketches by Captain J. E. Robinson, of the 30th Regiment, may be very briefly described. No. 1 represents the "Gentle Shepherd" of the country, who carries beneath his ample cloak a whole armoury of knives and pistols, and is ready at a moment's notice for any cut-throat work which may happen to fall in his way. No. 2 is one of the surveying party at work with his assistants and native guards; No. 3 an "Archazai Havildar," or native non-commissioned officer; and No. 4 Her Imperial Majesty's Mail on its way across a dreary stretch of country; whilst No. 5 represents an incident which occurred in the Argutai Ravine, where early one morning the surveying party were awakening by the clattering of hoofs and the jingling of accoutrements. The whole camp turned out, under the impression that it was an attack by one of the surrounding tribes, who were in a very unsettled state at the time, and the sentry was just about to fire into the new arrivals when it was seen that they were some of our own men who had been left behind to bring on some mules, and who thought that they would come in with a little swagger.

KHELAT-I-GHILZAI

THIS fort, which is about a hundred miles north-east of Candahar, is built on an isolated plateau along the tops of a cluster of rocky hills. It is well supplied with water, and is a place of considerable strength, the slopes which form the glacis being exceedingly steep, whilst the ramparts, which have a command of several hundred feet over the surrounding country, are scarped to a considerable height out of the face of the hill, and rivetted in places with sun-dried bricks. It was here that General Roberts halted after his recent forced march from Ghuznee, and when he resumed his journey towards Candahar he took with him the garrison of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, the 29th Bombay Native Infantry, better known as "the 2nd Beluchis," leaving the fort in charge of Mahommed Sadik Khan, a Toki chief, who was in command of the place when the British forces arrived there in 1879. Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant C. Pulley, of the 3rd Goorkhas.

MINAR OUTSIDE GHUZNEE

THE plain around the city of Ghuznee is covered with ancient ruins, amongst which are those of two minars or towers, which bear strong marks of former beauty and elegance. One stands about half-a-mile from the city, and the other a little further off, and both are constructed of red brick, most exquisitely and curiously ornamented with a variety of minute designs, whilst they also bear numerous inscriptions in Togra-Arabic characters. The largest, which is the one represented in our engraving, is 180 feet in height, the altitude of the other being about 160 feet. Our engravings are from photographs.

THE CITADEL, OLD CANDAHAR

"OLD CANDAHAR, so called in contradistinction to the present city, is situated about a mile-and-a-half from the cantonments. My sketch," says Lieutenant Pulley of the 3rd Goorkhas, "gives you a view of the citadel, which apparently was originally surrounded by another inner wall, portions of which are still remaining here and there. Shahr Kohna vel Husein Shahr, or the City of Husein, was taken, I believe, in 1738, by Nadir Shah, who rebuilt the present city, calling it Nadirabad after himself. The story of the taking of the place by Nadir Shah is that the city was betrayed into his hands by a shepherdess, who hoped that as a return Nadir Shah would marry her; when, however, she suggested matrimony as a reward for her services, the great Nadir sternly replied that the only bride he ever wooed was his sword, whereupon he whipped it out of his scabbard, and took off the unsuspecting damsel's head."

THE BALLOON CONTEST

THE Balloon Society of Great Britain—a young but energetic Association—has recently organised a series of simultaneous ascents with the view of endeavouring to ascertain the various currents of air at different heights, as well as other collateral matters of interest. The ascents took place last Saturday during very favourable weather, but accident prevented the programme from being fully carried out. The War Office balloon, which was to have been sent up from Woolwich, was detained at Dungeness, while, owing to failure in the gas supply, no ascents were made from the Welsh Harp, Hendon, or from Lillie Bridge. The broad result was that all the balloons were carried in the same north-north-easterly direction. Mr. Simmons, who started from the Clapham Skating Rink, and descended at Widdington in Essex, attained a height of 9,000 feet. The balloon which was being inflated at the Alexandra Palace looked like a cherry, the Hendon lake like a patch of quicksilver, the Thames like a silver thread, and the ships like fleas. This is the voyage depicted by our artist. (It was first supposed that a height of 14,000 feet was reached, but since our engravings were sent to press, Mr. Simmons has written to say that there was something wrong with his "pocket-tube," and that the highest point attained must have been about 9,000 ft. Mr. Wright, who started from the Crystal Palace, was accompanied by Commander Cheyne, R.N., and Mr. Pullen. The descent was made near Thaxted in Essex, not without some severe bumping, owing to Mr. Wright's desire to avoid injuring the telegraph wires, which are a serious hindrance to the descending balloonist, and with which, as Commander Cheyne observes, he will not be troubled in the Polar Regions. The Alexandra Palace balloon went up under the command of Mr. Barker, and descended at Little London, Essex, having attained a height of 4,800 feet. Mr. Jackson, of Derby, went up from the North Woolwich Gardens. This balloon descended at Ridgenell, near Mark's Tey, Essex. The highest altitude attained was under 4,000 feet, but the scenery at that comparatively small elevation was most interesting. The country below looked like a ground plan in vivid colours, all the white roads seemed to be pipelayed, the farmsteads seemed like Swiss toys, while the flocks hurried to the corners of the meadows as the balloon passed over their heads. Mr. Jackson made his 324th ascent on this occasion. The only other balloon which started was that of Mr. Orton, which went up from Epping Forest, and came down at Bartlow, near Cambridge.

Our artist, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, thus describes his aerial journey:—"Does she lift?" said the aeronaut. "Then let go." Suddenly the Marble Rink and its surroundings melted away, and we were looking down on a little square patch like an envelope, which I was told was Kennington Park.

"And now Big Ben striking five, Mr. Simmons pulled out his watch, and said that the sound took a minute to reach us. The first impression was very enjoyable. You sat quiet and luxuriously while London spread itself out like a rapidly-moving panorama. The aeronaut now got up into the hoop to reach the cord of the valve, and it began to dawn upon me that the lines looked, at the height we were up, uncommonly slender for the weight they had to sustain. As the aeronaut moved about the basket creaked and strained in a manner that suggested unpleasant results should the bottom come out, and he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in continuing on his aerial perch, waving his hat to the noisy but invisible multitude down below. Immediately under us was the dome of St. Paul's, looking about the size of a pepper-caster. Every well-known feature of London and its environs was distinctly recognisable, while the ceaseless turmoil of the crowd and the rumble of the traffic, varied by the not infrequent shriek of the locomotive, made up a very considerable sum total of sound. All through our journey it appeared to be a noisy world down below. Dogs barked, cows lowed, cocks crowed, invisible boys shouted "A-Ba-loon! A-Ba-loon! Come down here!"

"London smoke was a great fact. Looking to windward and to both sides you could see the clear air of the open country, but away to the south-west stretched an endless belt of murky atmosphere. Rising perpendicularly in wreaths, it was quite unlike to the appearance it puts on here below.

"The quantity of water visible most surprised me, not only the Thames winding away for miles, but smaller streams, the Brent, the Wand, the Mole, and an endless succession of ornamental lakes, canals, reservoirs, and ponds. All in turn, as they passed beneath the sun, blazed for a moment with a jewel-like splendour, and then again melted into grey. Turning our backs to the sun, we could see the docks crowded with shipping, and the widening river gliding to the sea. Gravesend and Sea Reach were distinctly visible, and then we made out the Woolwich Gardens balloon apparently miles beneath us. Presently I became aware that the chimney-pots, tramcars, and passengers had grown quite large. The fact was that without perceiving it we had fallen thousands of feet during the moment or two that we had been looking for the balloon. The explanation I received was that the sun had gone behind a cloud, and that this had caused our rapid descent. Ballast was at once thrown out, and we rose again to a greater height than before. London had meanwhile slipped away from us, for it never appeared that we were moving, we seemed to hang suspended, motionless in the air, while the commerce and wealth of the world were gliding beneath us.

"Occasionally we threw out bits of paper to ascertain whether we were rising or falling; sometimes they hovered lovingly round us, mounting higher and higher; this showed that the balloon was falling earthwards. Then the aeronaut threw out a few handfuls of sand, whereupon the paper appeared to fall down from us, like a stone, a cold air would rustle in our faces, and we knew that we were mounting again.

"Mr. Simmons looked at his watch, it was twenty minutes past six; we were over a town which we learnt subsequently was Bishop's Stortford; there was no more sand to throw out, and we began slowly to descend. Suddenly the sun dipped into the vapour and at once fields and hedgerows expanded and grew large—we had again fallen thousands of feet.

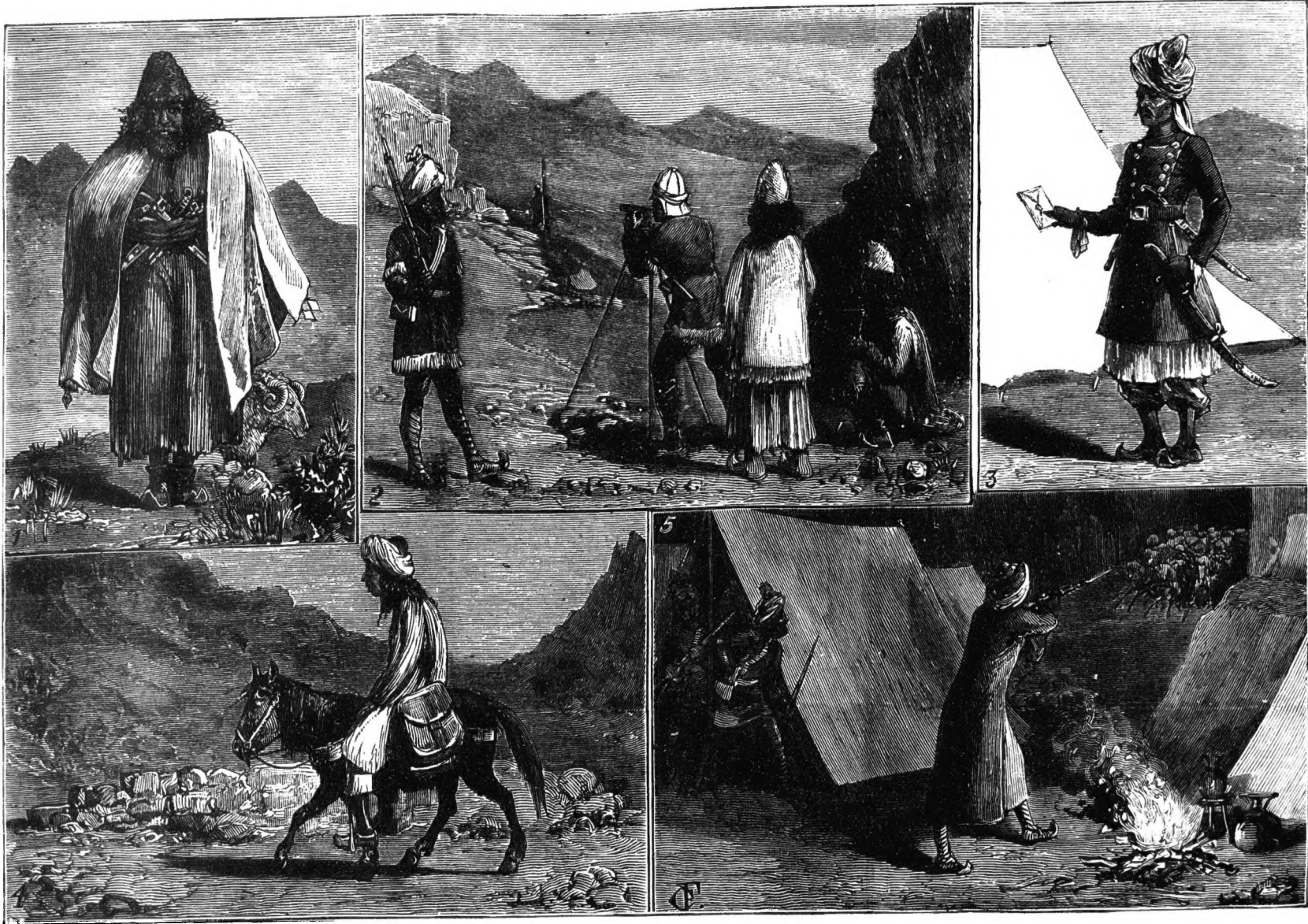
"Now," said our captain, "stand up and lay hold of the hoop! In another second we touched earth gently with a great sweep, turning over on one side. The balloon rose again, but was brought up by the grapnel in the middle of a turnip field.

"Lay hold of the rope," shouted Mr. Simmons to the countrymen, who arrived breathless. We were now about twenty feet from the ground, swaying gently backwards and forwards. We were towed into an adjoining stubble-field, where the unwilling balloon was gradually pulled down hand over hand. The first person to greet us was the clergyman, without his hat, and his watch in his hand; he congratulated us on our punctuality, and informed us that we were in the parish of Widdington, nine miles from Bishop's Stortford in Essex.

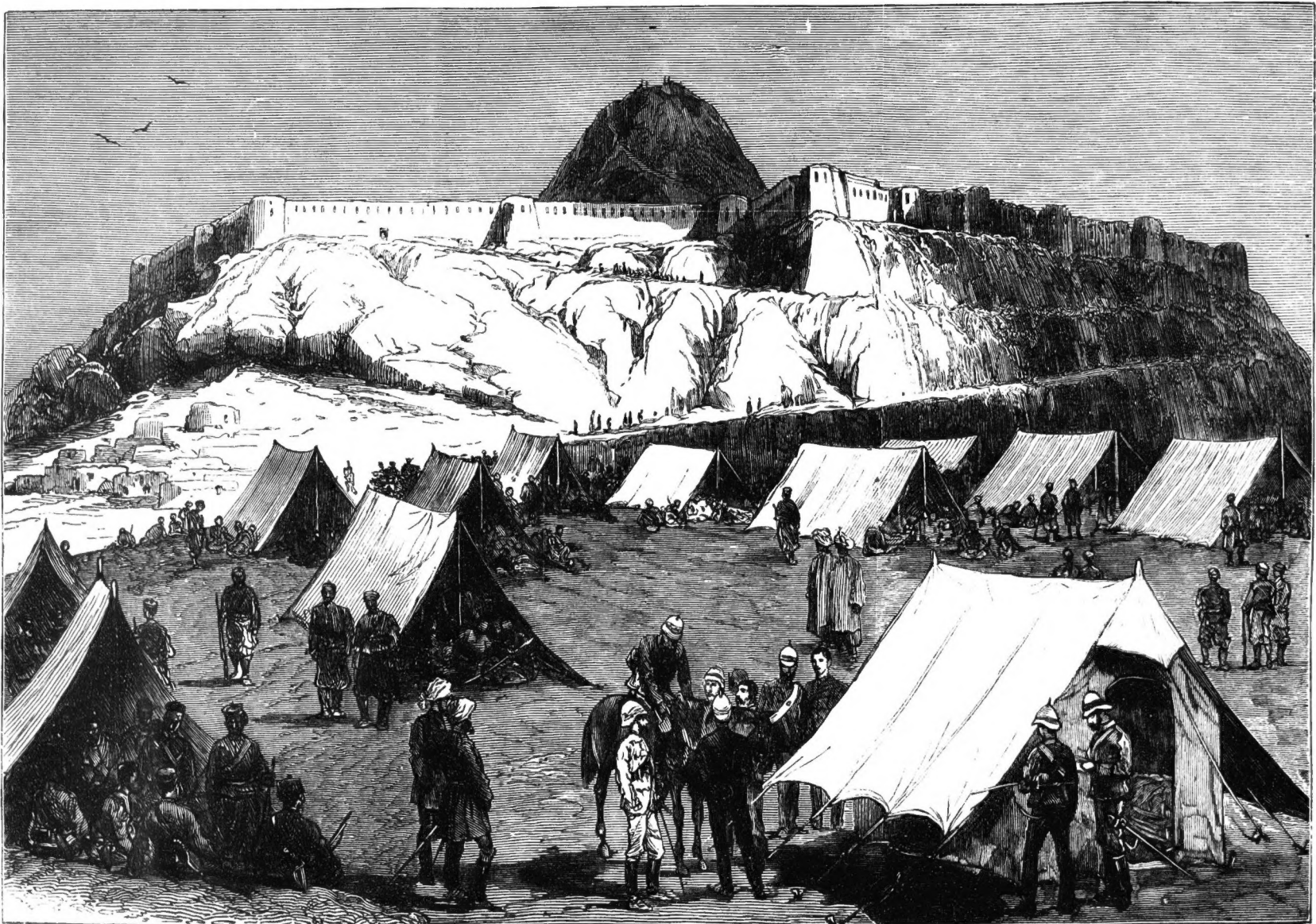
"Meanwhile our balloon slowly panted its life away, its once plump, symmetrical figure a thing of the past. Hundreds of willing hands assisted to press out its remnant of vitality. It was rolled up and packed—ah me!—into its own car, which, monarch of the air, it had so lately borne proudly heavenward, hoisted into a pony cart, and driven to the nearest railway station, where it was booked for London, to be left in the cloak-room till called for on Monday morning."

THE CALLANDER AND OBAN RAILWAY

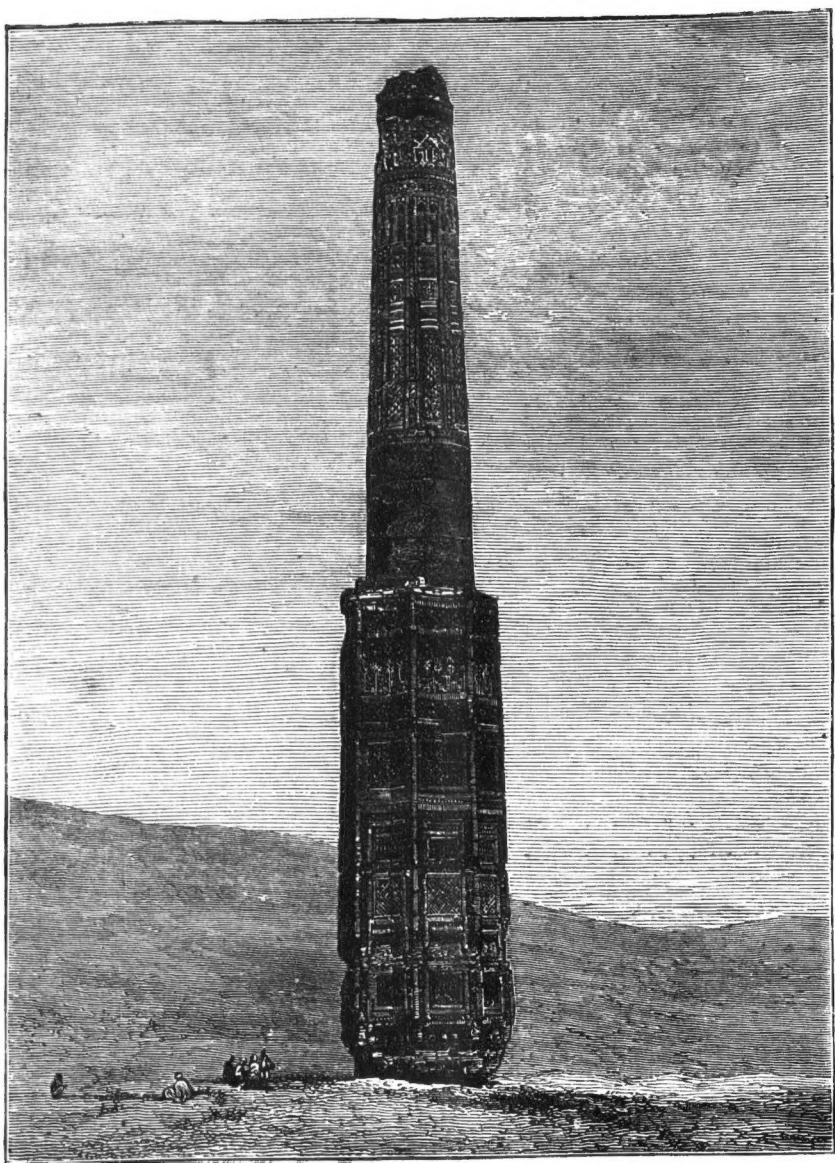
A PORTION of this line, as far as Dalnally, near Loch Awe, was completed about two years ago, and the remainder, about twenty-five miles, was opened for traffic at the end of June, just in time for



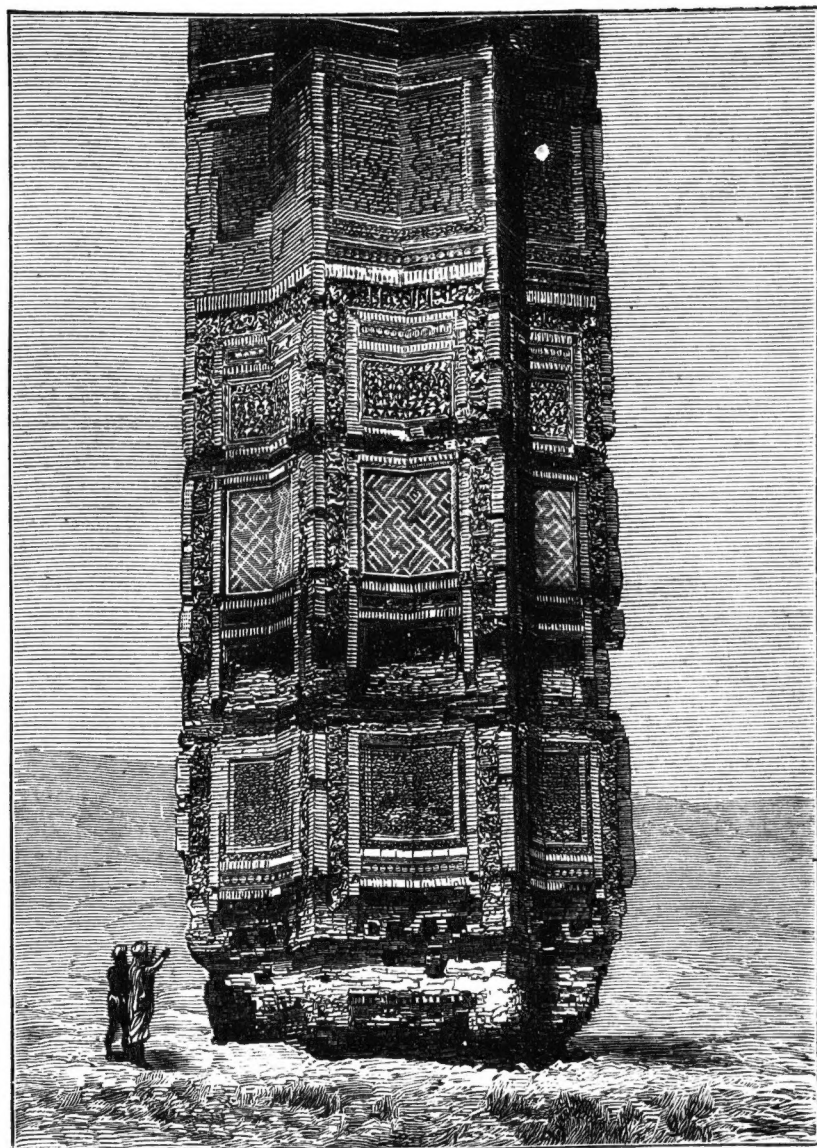
1. The Gentle Shepherd.—2. Hard at Work.—3. A Native "Non-Com."—4. Her Imperial Majesty's Mail.—5. A False Alarm in the Argutai Ravine.
AFGHANISTAN—SURVEYING FOR THE CANDAHAR RAILWAY



AFGHANISTAN—THE FORT OF KHELAT-I-GHILZAI, FROM THE GOORKHA CAMP

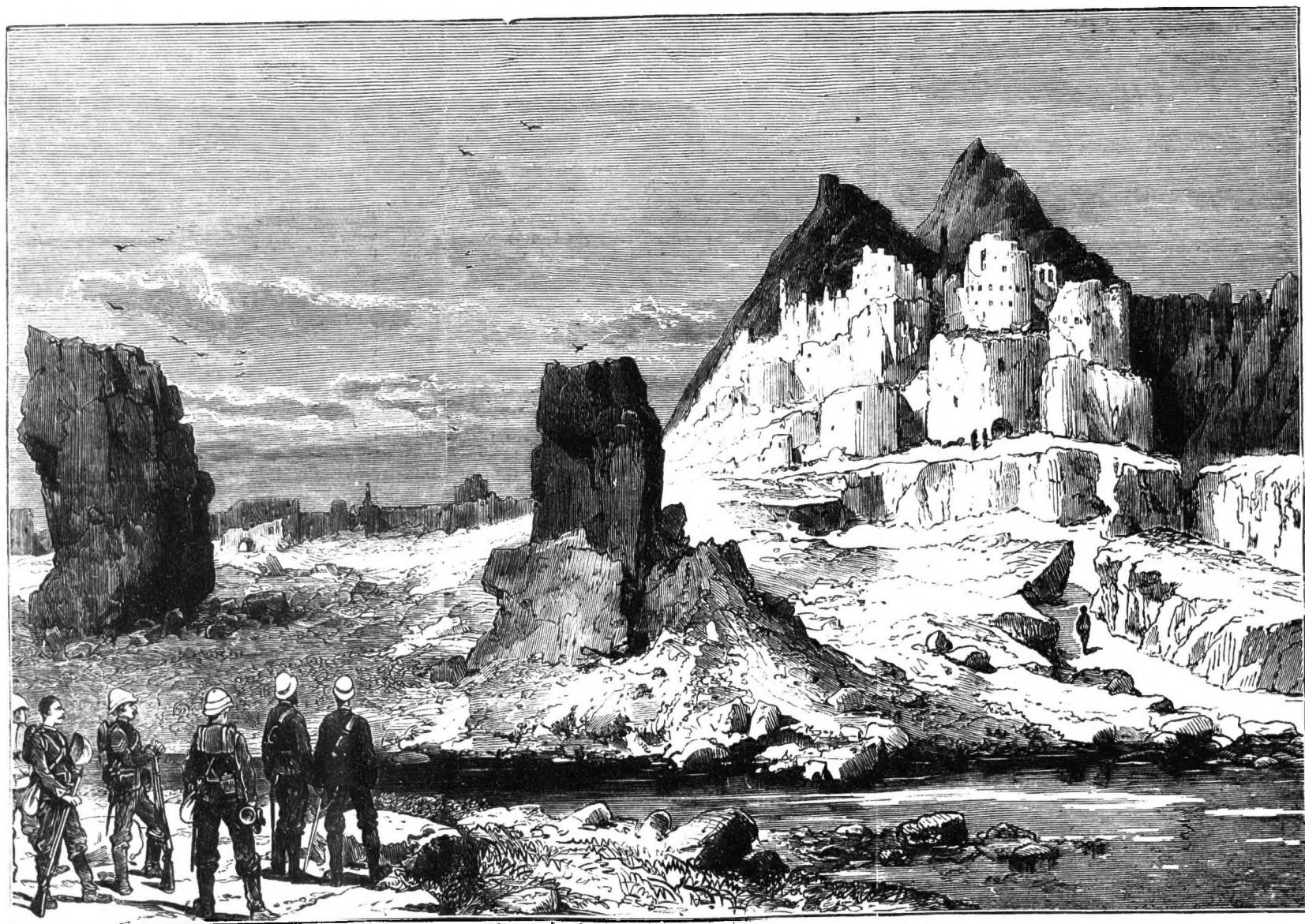


GENERAL VIEW



ENLARGEMENT OF THE BASE

AFGHANISTAN—MINAR OUTSIDE GHUZNEE



AFGHANISTAN—THE CITADEL, OLD CANDAHAR

the tourist season. Oban has long been the natural centre for tourists on the North-West Coast, and its splendid harbour has made it a convenient port for the coasting traffic. The tedious journeys by stage-coach—less pleasant in bad weather than in fine—are no longer necessary, and the circle is completed which includes the West Coast by sea and the Central Highlands and the whole of the Lowlands by land. The practical effect of the extension of the railway is to bring the whole of the West Coast, from Arran to Skye, nearer by several hours, not only to Edinburgh and Glasgow, but also to Liverpool and London. Animal and vegetable food, wool, and all kinds of farm produce will find an outlet such as they have not hitherto enjoyed.

The new line is worked by the Caledonian Company, the London and North-Western being its principal contributor. It passes through scenery of singular variety and beauty, including numerous mountains, lakes, passes, picturesque ruins, bleak moors, and cultivated land. In forming this last portion of the line, considerable engineering difficulties were encountered, and some idea of the magnitude of the enterprise may be gathered from the fact that, in order to make the last twenty-five miles of the line, 850,000 cubic yards of rock and soil had to be excavated, while there were built seventy-seven bridges and viaducts, four stations, one pier, one gas-works, and one water-works.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

The NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 257.

AT A CHILIAN RODEO—III.

THE Cactus in Chili grows to an immense size, and is frequently met with of more than fourteen feet high, and when it flowers, the scent that it gives forth may be recognised at a great distance, for it has a peculiar sweet odour. The flowers are similar to those of the lily, in their being bell-shaped. The centres of them are either of bright red or dark yellow, tapering into creamy white. Some classes of these plants, when they have reached a large size, are cut down, allowed to dry, and then are converted into a sort of charcoal, which gives forth plenty of heat for cooking purposes.

The scene representing the branding of cattle took place on the estate of Olegario Soto, who is one of the Senators of Chili. This rodeo extends from the railroad line (about twelve miles from the coast) to the boundaries of the Argentine Republic, and to cross it on horseback requires four days' smart riding. It will be observed that in order to effect the operation the terrified animals are driven into an enclosed space.

Our engravings are from photographs made by Diaz and Spencer, of Santiago.

MARIENBAD

THE picturesque town of Marienbad in Bohemia, to which H.R.H. Princess Louise has recently paid a visit, lies eighteen miles from the junction station of Eger, which can be reached in about thirteen or fourteen hours from Frankfort, the journey on by rail to Marienbad taking some forty minutes additional. The principal springs are the Kreutz, the Ferdinand, the Ambrosius, and the Wald; and there are others of less note. During the summer months the place is crowded by a succession of visitors, the "course" lasting only from three to five weeks, though in obstinate cases of great stoutness—and the waters are particularly famous for dealing with such—the patient remains for over two months. Round three sides of a species of park garden run the hotels, lodging-houses, shops, and bath-houses, the springs being in the upper portion of the garden, and being connected by a fine promenade provided with covered arcades which, indeed, are a necessity in the uncertain climate of Marienbad. This promenade, where the band plays in the morning and evening, is thronged with a great multitude of patients and their friends, and the scene at such times is a novel and interesting one. The Wald Quelle, or Forest Spring, lies some distance from the promenade in a very beautiful part of the pine woods which encircle the valley on the north, east, and west. The band plays by the Wald Quelle at mid-day, and at this time the walks all round the spring are crowded with pedestrians, imbibing their tumblers full of the water. The most peculiar feature about the place is the enormous number of stout people, and some of the specimens of corpulency can probably be with difficulty matched elsewhere. The springs are strongly impregnated with iron and steel, but the waters are not disagreeable to taste or smell. Baths are also a part of the cure. The most noteworthy of these are the Mud Baths, over 400 of which are used daily. The mud is taken from a species of morass, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen gas. When first dug up it is of a fine brown colour, but soon turns black after exposure to the air. The morass is about a mile from Marienbad, and the earth after removal is stacked near the baths and conveyed to great vats where it is boiled, and as required is taken out of the vats and prepared by women in the tubs which, when ready, are wheeled off into the bath rooms. One of the sketches shows an attendant getting a mud bath in order. The substance, it may be mentioned, is not merely a slimy water, but nearly solid earth. Marienbad stands high, being 2,000 feet above the sea. It is exceptionally healthy, and enjoys a fine exhilarating climate. The walks in the pine woods are as solitary as the greatest misanthrope can desire, and here the lover of fine landscape scenery can enjoy himself to his heart's content.

NOTE.—In our account of the meeting of the British Association at Swansea last week the name of the *savant* who exhibited the Neanderthal skull was wrongly given. It should have been Professor Dr. H. Schaffhausen, of Bonn.—A correspondent remarks that "Anthropologists do not pay sufficient attention to the *jawbone*, which, when possible, should always accompany the skull. An abnormal frontal *sinus* requires an abnormal jawbone, and not a retreating narrow one, as in your picture, which depicts a harmless sensual savage, not the companion of fierce wild beasts."



HOSPITAL SATURDAY.—The seventh anniversary of this institution was observed last week, about four hundred ladies giving their services, and taking charge of subscription boxes in the streets in various parts of the metropolis. An instrumental concert was also given on behalf of the fund in Victoria Park.

THE WORK OF THE POST OFFICE.—The annual report just issued shows that during the year 1,127,997,500 inland letters were dealt with, whilst the number of post-cards was 114,458,400, of book-packets and circulars 213,963,000, and of newspapers 130,518,400. The number of registered letters was 8,739,191. The total number of returned letters was 5,345,678, book-packets 3,541,103, post-cards 496,446, and newspapers 374,741. Of these 4,570,743 were returned to the writers, and 78,291 re-issued to corrected addresses, 526,469 letters gave no clue as to the residence of the writers, whilst 21,621 bore no address, and among these latter were 1,141 containing cash and bank-notes to the amount of 4337, and cheques, bills, &c., for 4,2517. 4,500 letters and packets were stopped on account of the objectionable nature of their contents,

such as frogs, lizards, insects, &c., and in one instance a marlin-spike. The number of telegraphic messages was 26,547,137, and the number of money-orders issued 17,807,573, a decrease on the previous year. The Savings Bank account shows an increased balance, due to the deposition of upwards of a million and a half sterling, the total number of depositors being 1,988,477. The number of officers of all grades in the Post Office service, including the telegraph department, was 46,192; while the gross revenue for the year was 8,010,9347, and the expenditure 5,172,3057.

THE IRISH DEMONSTRATION in Hyde Park on Sunday was not so great a success as had been anticipated, owing, it is said, to the fact of Cardinal Manning having forbidden the use of the League of the Cross banners, and the Roman Catholic priests generally cautioning the members of their flocks not to take their children into the crowd. The processions met at Trafalgar Square and marched thence to the Reformers' Tree in the park, where a platform was erected, which, however, broke down before the chairman, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., had concluded his opening address. Mr. J. Barry, M.P., Dr. Lyons, M.P., and Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., were the other speakers, and after resolutions had been passed, declaring the iniquity and absurdity of hereditary legislation, demanding a reconstruction of the Upper Chamber of Parliament, and deploring the present condition of Ireland, the meeting broke up in great disorder.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—Sir George Bowyer has written to *The Times* warmly defending the House of Lords on the ground that "the hereditary principle pervades all human society, and that without it the world would fall into confusion." He also refers to the Parliamentary proceedings of Thursday in last week, and appeals to the good sense and calm opinion of the country to say whether the House of Commons has lately proved itself such a wise, dignified, orderly, and august assembly as to be entitled to take a tone of lofty censorship and imperious judgment over the other branch of the Legislature. The Earl of Shaftesbury has also written to *The Times*, complaining of Mr. Forster's speech of Friday last. His lordship points out that, though he moved the rejection of the Ballot Bill in 1871, he withdrew his opposition to it in the following year, "in deference to the repeated and confirmed will of the representatives of the people." He believes that the same spirit of concession and recognition of popular power will ever guide his brother peers on all similar occasions; and thinks that "the history of the House of Lords will not be outweighed by a single misjudgment, but that if the public try the question they will have a verdict of acquittal, and so be relieved from the fear of an aggressive action, suggested far less by matured judgment than by a hasty spirit of temper and declamation."

THE ROWLAND HILL MEMORIAL, which is to take the form of a bronze statue of the originator of the Penny Post, is to be erected on the open space at the south-east corner of the Royal Exchange, facing Cornhill.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SEA TRIP.—On Thursday last week the *Grantully Castle* anchored in the Firth of Forth, and deputations from the Corporations and Liberal Associations of Leith and Edinburgh were received on board by Mr. Gladstone, who, in replying to them, expressed his appreciation of the unbounded sympathy and universal kindness which had been poured forth from every quarter, and said that both his colleagues and himself, as long as they held office, would strive to give the lie to those superficial observers who contended that there was no reality in the professions of public men, and that certain declarations were made simply for the purpose of getting into office. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone afterwards landed and drove the streets of both cities, and re-embarked amid much cheering. The voyage southward was then continued until the vessel again anchored outside the Roads off Great Yarmouth, where Mr. Gladstone received another deputation from the local Liberal Association, whom he thanked very briefly, reminding them that his tour was rather sanitary than political. Early on Saturday morning the *Grantully Castle* reached Greenwich, the circumnavigation of England and Scotland having been completed in eight days. Mr. Gladstone, after thanking Mr. Donald Currie and the officers and crew of the vessel, landed and went by train to Charing Cross, whence he drove to Downing Street, attended a Cabinet Council, took a walk in St. James's Park, and in the evening resumed his place in the House of Commons. The Premier's health is now considered to be thoroughly re-established.

THE OCCUPATION OF CANDAHAR.—On Friday last a deputation from the Patriotic Association waited on Lord Hartington with a memorial praying the Government to retain possession of Candahar. His lordship admitted that there were some reasons in favour of its retention, but said that there were considerable difficulties in the way, and that all he could at present promise was that the memorial should be submitted to his colleagues.

THE SHEFFIELD CUTLERS' FEAST was held on Thursday, last week, Mr. W. Chesterman, the new Master Cutler, presiding. Amongst the guests were the Duke of Norfolk, who, speaking for the House of Lords, defended their recent action; and Mr. Mundella, M.P., who, responding for Her Majesty's Ministers, said that the Government had in three months accomplished more in the way of domestic legislation than their predecessors had in three years. Frequent interruptions attended the latter part of his speech, a natural protest against the bad taste of talking politics at a non-political gathering.

THE EDUCATION ACT.—A circular has just been issued by the Education Department, reminding the local authorities that the object of the Act is to make the bye-laws universal, and that if at the end of the year any school district shall still be without them, the duty of supplying the omission will devolve on the Department.

THE INSTITUT DE DROIT INTERNATIONALE commenced its seventh congress on Tuesday at Oxford, under the presidency of the Right Hon. M. Bernard. Amongst the articles agreed to as being proper to be incorporated in all international treaties was one declaring that in all countries strangers should enjoy the same civil rights as natives, no matter what their religion or nationality; and another, that a woman should by marriage acquire the nationality of her husband.

ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS.—On Tuesday night an explosion took place at the Seaham Colliery, Durham, by which the shafts of the pit were blocked, and some 200 men and boys were imprisoned. Efforts to release them were at once made, and continued night and day, but up to midday on Thursday only 66 had been brought up alive. The scene at the pit's mouth was heartrending; one woman fell dead on being told that her brother was amongst the victims.—On Monday at the Great Western Company's Colliery, near Maestog, Glamorganshire, four men were killed and several others injured by the breaking of the guide rope in one of the shafts.—On the same night at the Bishop Hall Colliery, West Houghton, two men lost their lives and others were hurt by the fall of several tons of roofing in the Arley Pit.—Several railway accidents (some of them attended by loss of life) have occurred during the week, and a number of boating and bathing fatalities are reported from different places. It is announced that the Queen has been much distressed by the accounts of the recent railway accidents, and that Her Majesty has been in frequent communication with the Government as to the means to be adopted to provide, as far as possible, for the safety of those who travel upon or are connected with the working of railways.

THE WELSH LANGUAGE has always been considered somewhat difficult of acquirement, and from the following story which reaches us from Llanrhaidar, it would seem that Welshmen are

scarcely agreed amongst themselves as to what is really their national tongue. A dispute having arisen over the appointment of a district medical officer, the Poor Law guardians met to discuss the question of the candidate's linguistic ability. The Board consisted of twenty-four members, and when a division was taken, twelve declared their opinion that he could speak Welsh, and a like number were equally positive that he could not. The Chairman had a casting vote, but declined to give it, so that the knotty question remains unsettled.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY on Tuesday commenced their official inspection at Portsmouth. They went on board the *Inflexible*, the *Dreadnought*, and the *Marlborough*, and had explained to them the working of the big guns by hydraulic power, the loading and discharge of torpedoes, and a variety of other matters.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT

THE Session which closed on Tuesday has one prominent and easily grasped peculiarity, as compared with a long line of predecessors. In order to parallel the lateness of the sitting it will be necessary to go back nearly forty years. The Parliament of 1841 was prorogued on the 7th of October, just a month later than the second Gladstone Parliament. But the Parliament of thirty-nine years ago, which brought Mr. Gladstone's great master into power, had met only on the 24th August, and was in Session from first to last only about seven weeks. The Session just closed has been the second held within the year, and though a very large proportion of those who sat in the first Session were relieved from the burden of sitting in the second, there were many who have practically been in harness since the first week in February. Between the two Sessions there came a period much more exciting and exhausting even than an ordinary Session. There were some five weeks of hard fighting at the polls, an experience that but inadequately prepared men for the labours of a new Parliament.

Had the Session commenced at the usual date and finished within the ordinary limits without the distraction of a General Election, it would have supplied a fair average amount of labour for those concerned. The Parliament of 1874 began legislative life gently. The new Ministry found the nation exhausted by the speed with which the energy of Mr. Gladstone had driven the coach. What it wanted just then was "not to be fashed," a condition of mind which the new Premier accurately probed and carefully studied. Nothing particular came of the new Session except promises that "next Session" everything that was wrong should be righted, and what was well should be made better. As yet Mr. Parnell was not elected, and Mr. Biggar sat bashfully on the back benches. Mr. Gladstone was at Hawarden studying Homer. There was no Fourth Party, and but the embryo of a Third Party, whilst the second party—the regular Opposition—was practically effaced. Perfect good humour and apparent content reigned on both sides. Every one was glad of quiet and rest, and a man who said a rude thing calculated to disturb the harmony of the Senate was discountenanced alike by Whig and Tory.

From the very first things have been different in the new Parliament. Before Ministers had been re-elected, and whilst Lord Frederick Cavendish was alarmed to find himself fulfilling the functions of Leader of the House, the Bradlaugh difficulty arose. Contemporaneously with this was the birth of that famous Fourth Party the fame of which fills all the corners of the earth. Reference to this episode should settle the question, already perplexing the chroniclers, as to who laid the foundations whereon has since been built this great power of the State. It was undoubtedly Sir Henry Wolff. It was his keen eye that detected possible embarrassment for the Government in the elaborate scruples of Mr. Bradlaugh, and it was his industry that disentombed precedents and rulings to sustain the Speaker in his doubt whether he might permit the member for Northampton to make affirmation, since he could not take the oath. A naturally devout disposition, and a tendency to uphold the True and Good, drew Lord Randolph Churchill into alliance with the gentleman whose own race had, a generation earlier, been freed from vexatious restrictions by the action of the political party now attacked. Then came Mr. Gorst, attracted by the opportunity of displaying subtlety of intellect and much acquaintance with the Statute Book. Thus was the party gradually completed. Of late, timidly and with occasional coy retreat, Mr. Balfour has been recruited. His motion condemnatory of the Government in introducing important Bills at a late period of the Session formally sealed his connection, and removed the anomaly by which the Fourth Party should, all told, consist of but three members. "Now," as has been hymned of the ten little niggers when varied but persistent misfortune had overtaken six—"now there are four."

By a happy combination of activity and audacity, the Fourth Party have made amends throughout the Session for the exceedingly mild conduct of the officially recognised Leader of the Opposition. Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues in the late Government have been inclined to recognise the unwritten constitutional law which requires acquiescence in defeat by the political party whom a reverse of fortune has overtaken. Just as in 1874 the dispossessed Ministers of the previous six years were inclined, as Mr. Callan says, to "let things slide," so Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues displayed a disposition to be content with fulfilling the character of lookers-on. In a hopeless minority, they have thought it wise and, on the whole, most patriotic, to accept the inevitable, to make fair fight for principle when they judged it assailed, but to bow their heads to defeat when it came, as it was sure to come, at the other end of the division lobby. The attitude, though there may be much to say in its favour, has not recommended itself to the young blood below the gangway. They have traded on Sir Stafford Northcote's mildness of disposition, and have on more than one occasion taken the reins out of his yielding hands, and whipped up to a mad gallop the steeds of the Opposition. Nothing particular has come of this save to add some days to the length of the Session, and to bring about repeated demonstrations of the strength of the Ministerial party.

On the whole, the Irish members have displayed something less than the vitality of former Sessions. A few weeks ago Sir Stafford Northcote, with sad memories thronging back upon his mind, plaintively told Ministers that they "did not know what Obstruction was." Since then they have had at least one lesson, the House sitting all through the summer night engaged upon a preliminary discussion as to whether it should discuss the Irish Constabulary vote. This, however, was a mere flash in the pan—a deliberate and predetermined endeavour to prove to the people of Ireland that the men of this Parliament are not inferior to their predecessors in the matter of endurance, and that they can upon occasion sit up all night with the best of them. The fact is that the majority of Irish members, as far as they are influenced by high politics, are decidedly Liberal. Gratitude, or even the courtesy of bare acknowledgment, are not things to enter into the political life of Irishmen. Still they acknowledge that, when anything has been done for Ireland, it has been done by the Liberal Party in face of opposition from the Conservatives. Hence, all other things being equal, they are ready to throw their weight into the balance in favour of the Liberal Ministry. Thus Ministers have been free throughout the Session from that persistent and unreasonable obstruction which marked the daily life of the last Parliament.

Irish affairs have in more than usually marked degree engrossed the attention of Imperial Parliament. Mr. Forster, succeeding to

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Mr. James Lowther, proposed to himself forthwith to settle Irish grievances, and to prove that a wise and beneficial ruler was at last vouchsafed to that unhappy country. It will not be necessary to go into detail through the various steps by which Mr. Forster has endeavoured to reach this end. Regarding the broad results, it will be enough to say that he and his Irish policy combine to form the one conspicuous failure of an otherwise successful Ministry. Had the Government been less strong Mr. Forster would have made an end of it in the first two months of its existence by his crudely conceived and recklessly managed Compensation for Disturbance Bill. He has not been more successful in other and lesser matters, his latest feat being a proclamation of war against the House of Lords, which on the following day a colleague was obliged to explain away, and protest that Mr. Forster was giving utterance merely to his "personal opinions." That a Cabinet Minister holding important office, and filling a large space in the House of Commons, should from his place on the Treasury Bench threaten the House of Lords with abolition, and that this should turn out to be "merely his personal opinion," is a new feature in English politics introduced in the first Session of the New Parliament, and, it is to be hoped, therein concluded.

Excepting Mr. Forster's failure, with some reservation of opinion as to Sir William Harcourt, it must be recorded that other Ministers have brought in Bills which by skill, tact, and industry, they have piloted into the safe haven of the Statute Book. A Session, whether long or short, cannot be said to have been unproductive which has repealed the Malt Tax, legislated on the long burning question of hares and rabbits, passed a Burials Bill, an Employers' Liability Bill, a Census Bill, and a Savings Bank Bill, created Postal Notes, and cared for the safety of seamen on grain-laden ships.

HENRY W. LUCY



AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS.—The approach of the decennial census of population is turning men's minds towards statistics, and although the Government has allowed various prejudices to curtail the official inquiries, private calculations can in most ways supplement the deficiency. The past decade shows a great decrease in the number of paupers relieved, though this is to some degree balanced by the increased expensiveness of the individual pauper. A few weeks ago a division was taken in a well-known rural Union as to whether the paupers should have soup, meat, and pastry for their Sunday dinner. The school attendance in country districts has more than doubled; indeed, many persons think that the past decade has seen a change from under to over-education. The arable acreage of the country has fallen from 17,096,000 to 15,650,000 acres, while stock does not show any uniform rate of progress, albeit the number of sheep and pigs taken together in 1880 exceeds the gross number in 1870. The population of Ireland is still declining, but only 1 per cent. has been lost in the last ten years. It is curious that this decline excites the powers that be to pay more attention to Ireland than to any other portion of the Empire, while the far more serious decline of 8 per cent. in arable cultivation is not held to warrant the least protection of the British farmer.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was at an Oxfordshire Show the other day, and made a very genial and interesting speech. Sir Michael is becoming almost a Liberal, for he gravely dissented from the view of an old Tory, who blamed the present House of Commons for attempting to abolish the three R's—not reading, writing, and arithmetic—but religion, rent, and rabbits. His remarks on the harvest were moderate and well-chosen; but his observations on foreign competition were weak and faltering in the extreme. After confessing that "neither the Agricultural Holdings Act being extended, or Hares and Rabbits being diminished—neither one good harvest, nor two, nor three good harvests" would set farmers on their legs again, he concluded by saying that "the real power in this country is in the hands of borough constituencies, who will not allow foreign competition to be in any way interfered with." Such a conclusion is not that of a statesman, or of a man of much moral courage. Yet on local taxation Sir Michael spoke out strongly, declaring that, had the Tories remained in power, he would have made a remission of local rates a question of his own retirement. He also inferred that his presence in any future Tory Ministry would be a sign to agriculturists that the matter would be fully dealt with.

THE HIGHLANDS have already become one great preserve, and the depopulation of many districts has been almost completed in the course of a single generation. Professor Blackie sends us a long and eloquent protest, in which he says: "Everyone who buys an estate is bound to maintain thereon as large an amount of a rural population as it can conveniently support." On this, as on some other points, Professor Blackie is more eloquent than convincing, but his protest is worth considering, and the depopulation of the Highlands is hardly to be desired, even for large bags of grouse and unprecedented slaughterings of red deer.

COUNTRY SCHOOL BOARDS.—The towns of Brighton and Wolverhampton and several rural districts have memorialised the Government to repeal those clauses of the Education Act which make it compulsory for children of between twelve and fourteen years to attend school. These clauses press with extreme severity on farm labourers, and certainly seem unneeded for the children's protection, seeing that the Factory and Workshops' Act sufficiently guard against all unhealthy employments.

MALT.—Persons interested in malting, brewing, and barley-growing should get the last three numbers of the *Hereford Times*, in which a large number of practical and instructive letters have appeared dealing thoroughly with the subject, and from different points of view.

"THE RIGHTS OF AN ANIMAL" was the title of a recent book, but the "Rights of Man" was a still earlier publication. The prevention of cruelty to animals is a very good object, but the Society in Jermyn Street are apt to be a little too energetic now and then. Ear-marking sheep and cattle is an immemorial practice, and owing to recent prosecutions local Chambers of Agriculture are thinking of asking Government for an Act exempting from prosecution all necessary operations upon animals for safety and identification. A contemporary remarks that to mark a sheep by slitting or punching the ear is about as "cruel" as the self-inflicted boring of young ladies' ears for earrings. Is swan-upping illegal? It is something of a parallel case to ear-marking. A recent horse case at Newbury roused some feeling against the Jermyn Street Society, and if humane but common-sense persons are not to be set against a body established with a humane purpose, prosecutions had better be confined to cases of wanton brutality to animals. Such prosecutions would alone suffice for employment of the Society's funds.

NORFOLK.—We are glad to hear of railway extension in this county, for its agricultural products want outlets. In the neighbouring county of Suffolk a large number of farms are now unlet, but the number of applications in the Eastern Counties is increasing, and there are likely to be more satisfactory lettings at Michaelmas than have occurred for over a couple of years.

WHEAT.—Something of agricultural interest may well come of M. Vilmoren's recent researches into the hybridisation of wheat.

Triticum sativum and *T. spelta* are discovered to be fertile hybrids, crossing reciprocally, and giving rise to an offspring absolutely uniform. If the characters of the offspring are invariable, we suppose we shall have a new species of wheat, under the title of *Triticum vilmorenii*.

GERANIUMS.—Next year's annual show of pelargoniums, &c., is fixed for the 28th and 29th of June. Full particulars, with the schedules of prizes, &c., are to be obtained of Mr. Shirley Hibberd, the well-known botanical writer. His address is 15, Brownwood Park, North London.

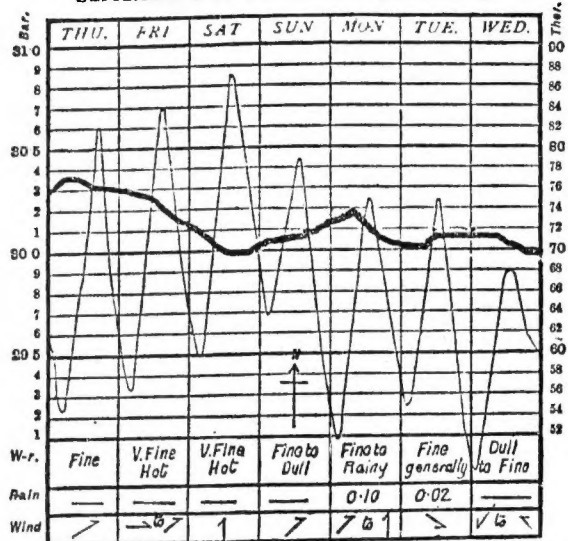
AUTUMN FLOWERS are not so plentiful but that we are very glad of a new one coming to the front in *Senecio pulcher*, of hardy growth, good foliage, and fine flower of a purple-lake tint.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—There was plenty of stubble on the first this year, and some very fair sport was enjoyed. Even in Scotland a large portion of the crops has been reaped, and throughout the United Kingdom four-fifths of the three cereal crops may be regarded as secured. Samples of new grain, especially wheat, have been hurried to market, farmers wanting money for postponed rents, for buying sheep, and for other purposes. Keep is abundant just now, and tempts farmers to investments in stock. The weather has been very favourable, and farmers have been encouraged to thresh while the air remained dry. The wheat crop of the United Kingdom may now be estimated at about eleven million qrs., of which there will be little waste, seeing that it makes into excellent flour. Thirteen to fourteen million qrs. of wheat will be required from abroad before September next.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It is not pleasant to know that Irish labourers over here for the harvest are spending a portion of their earnings in the purchase of rifles. Such, however, is the fact.—English cheese-makers and dairy-farmers are now in enjoyment of a good time. Cheshire cheese makes from 60s. to 75s. per cwt. against 30s. to 35s. per cwt. at Midsummer. Farm labourers, who consume cheese in immense quantities, have less cause for joy.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 2 TO SEPTEMBER 8 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The period began with the very finest summer weather which we have had over England during the present year, bright, clear, hot days, and mild, dry nights succeeding each other regularly. On Thursday (2nd inst.) the maximum temperature recorded was 82°, on Friday (3rd inst.) 84°, and on Saturday (4th inst.) 87°. This was the highest point reached, and from that day the thermometer began to fall, clouds appeared in considerable quantities, the wind began to vary in direction and force, and on Monday night (6th inst.) and Tuesday morning (7th inst.) more than a tenth of an inch of rain fell. At the close of the period the weather continues rather unsettled; depressions are passing over our Western districts, accompanied by rain, but in London the weather remains dry. The barometer was highest (30.36 inches) on Thursday (2nd inst.); lowest (30.02 inches) on Tuesday (7th inst.); range, only 0.34 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (87°) on Saturday (4th inst.); lowest (68°) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range, 39°. Rain fell on two days. Total fall, 0.12 inches. Greatest fall on one day 0.10 in. Wind was generally south-westerly till Wednesday (8th inst.), when it shifted to easterly for some hours.

WINDOW-GARDENING "PLANTS."—It must be very disheartening to those philanthropic ladies and gentlemen who cheerfully devote time and money with a view to elevate and refine the grosser instincts of their low-born fellow creatures to discover that their confidence has been abused, and their frank and trusting natures imposed on for mercenary ends. Endeavours have of late years been made to induce the lower classes to take an interest in vegetable and flower-growing; and at the last-mentioned competition there are always special prizes for "window gardening," or in other words for the most successful floral productions grown in pots or boxes on the window-sill. It is not always easy, however, in such cases for the judges to arrive at a righteous verdict. Not a week since at Hampstead it was proved that an exhibitor of cottage garden vegetables endeavoured to obtain the first prize by fraud. Within the past few days there is made public a similar case of attempted fraud at a West End show of window-grown flowers. Although the coveted prize was but a guinea the plan of imposture was deeply laid, and must have occasioned the dishonest person some amount of trouble. The plant in dispute was an exceedingly fine fuchsia, and which the exhibitor insisted he had grown from a cutting, and he further urged that deception in his case was impossible since the plant stood outside his window from morning until night in fair view of envious neighbours, who, like himself, were growing for the show. It was proved, however, that the man was in the habit of resorting to Covent Garden very early about twice a week, each time purchasing a fuchsia a trifle larger, and in fuller and finer flower than the last, so as to account for his plant's gradual development. It is to be hoped that the short term of imprisonment to which he was justly sentenced will prove a lesson to individuals similarly evil-disposed. It is to be feared, however, that the trick in question, or something like it, is not unfrequently practised. At a Westminster show some years since a simple costermonger appeared before the committee bearing in his horny hand a cracked jug held together with string, and containing a plant which he (the costermonger) supposed was some "furrin' plant." Anyway, he had described it as growing on the wall of his back yard, and he had got a bit of earth and placed it in the old jug, and ever since it had been his morning pride and his evening solace to watch and tend it. It was a touching instance of the pent-up alley-dweller's ignorance of the works of Nature. The plant in question was merely a few ears of oat grass! But the poor fellow had never seen oats growing, or in any other form than as food for his donkey. There was no prize for grass, jug-grown or otherwise, but the committee recognised the affecting instance of the good their cause was producing, by awarding the man seven shillings and sixpence. And forthwith the deluding villain made his way with his prize in his pocket to a public-house, where confederate "costers" were in waiting, and where the committee's very good health was drunk in half-a-dozen pots of beer.



M. GOUNOD'S NEW ORATORIO, "THE REDEMPTION," has just been finished.

MR. CARLYLE'S BIOGRAPHY is being prepared by the writer's niece and Mr. Froude. Mr. Carlyle himself superintends the work and furnishes occasional chapters of autobiography.

A NEW CHINESE ALPHABET has been compiled by a Roman Catholic Bishop in Canton. By means of these thirty-three letters all the words now expressed by thousands of symbols can be written.

M. ERNEST RÉNAN'S WRITINGS find scant favour in Austria. A translation of his new work, "Eau de Jouvence," recently brought out in the *Paris Temps*, was begun in the Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitung*, but the authorities seized the first number, and stopped any further publication.

ONE OF BEETHOVEN'S PIANOS is shortly to be sold at Klausenberg, in Transylvania. Given to Beethoven by the well-known maker, Wägel, of Pesth, when the great musician was composing *Fidelio*, the instrument is still in good preservation, and bears on one of its panels the portrait of Beethoven at twenty years of age.

MESSRS. DALZIEL BROTHERS will publish in November, through Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, a series of Bible Illustrations, entitled "Dalziel's Bible Gallery," and containing Drawings by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., E. J. Poynter R.A., G. F. Watts, R.A., E. Burne Jones, F. Maddox Brown, Holman Hunt, and others.

DR. TANNER'S FEAT has already been dramatised. A Milan theatre has produced a drama on the Doctor's career, and a "Gastronomical Review" on the same subject is shortly to be produced at Madrid. Dr. Tanner, by the by, has made 27,500% by his fast, these large profits arising from admissions to the hall, bets, the sale of photographs, and gifts from divers manufacturers and societies.

TINY GOLD AND SILVER MOONS are the fashionable talismans in Paris at present, *viz.* the miniature pig which lately has been suspended to nearly every bracelet or watchchain, and is now only used for a shoe-buckle. Necklets of small crescents are supposed to avert the evil eye and bring good luck—an old Roman superstition. The cock is also a favourite emblem, and large fans are painted with Chanticleer's head in natural colours, the English salutation "Good morning" flowing from the beak.

THE ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO DE FUEGO in Guatemala on June 29 was most disastrous to the neighbourhood. Although the crater was always steaming no fear of a great eruption had ever been entertained till suddenly a loud explosion occurred at sunrise, and in a few moments the surrounding villages were enveloped in smoke and ashes. Seventeen families living on the side of the mountain were smothered, and the column of fire, nearly 500 feet high, completely illuminated the country for many miles.

THE EMPTY GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, which formerly contained the minerals now removed to South Kensington, will probably be utilised as a library for youthful students. Any such arrangement would prove a great boon to young people under twenty-one, who are unable to gain admission to the present reading-room. The latter hall is rarely full, except on Saturdays. In the early morning scarcely a hundred persons are there, from noon to two o'clock about 300 arrive, and from two to six the numbers generally increase to 400.

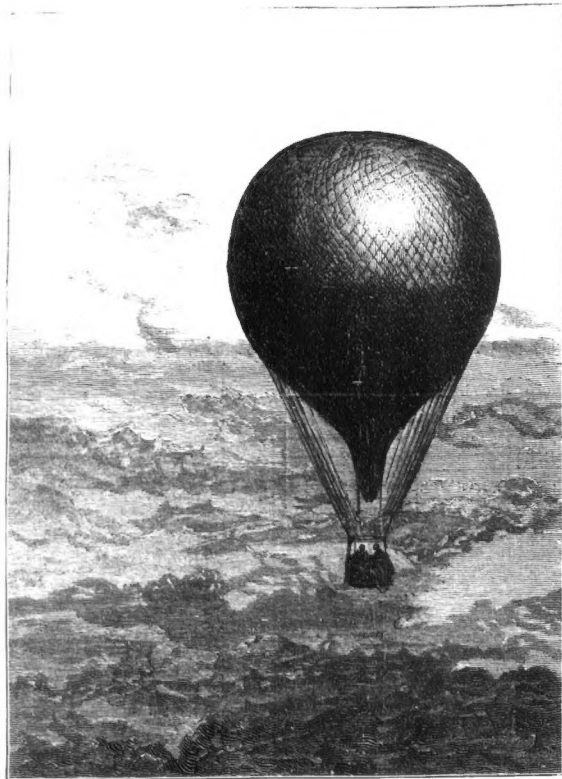
WATER TELESCOPES are suggested for the benefit of seaside and river visitors by the *Daily News*. They are simply made, either by knocking the bottom out of an ordinary barrel and inserting glass, by putting strong glass and lead to weigh it down into a funnel-shaped piece of tin, or, best of all, by utilising a tin or zinc tube like a map-case. Such an instrument will enable the observer to see from three to twenty fathoms on clear days, and would be serviceable alike for fishing purposes and for amusement. Water telescopes are largely used by Norwegian fishermen, and occasionally in Cornwall.

THE HAIR HARVEST IN FRANCE is now in full activity, and dealers are attending the different fairs, and persuading the fair ones to part with their tresses. In certain districts the girls regularly cultivate their hair for the market, the crop being ready for cutting every three years. The Norman women's hair is the finest; the Bretonnes', on the contrary, is the most coarse; while the longest locks come from Limousin. Hair in the north is bleached by the sea-air, and in the mountainous districts it is dark and curly. The Americans are the chief customers for all kinds of colours; Germany takes tons of fair hair; and much of the same hue is sent to England.

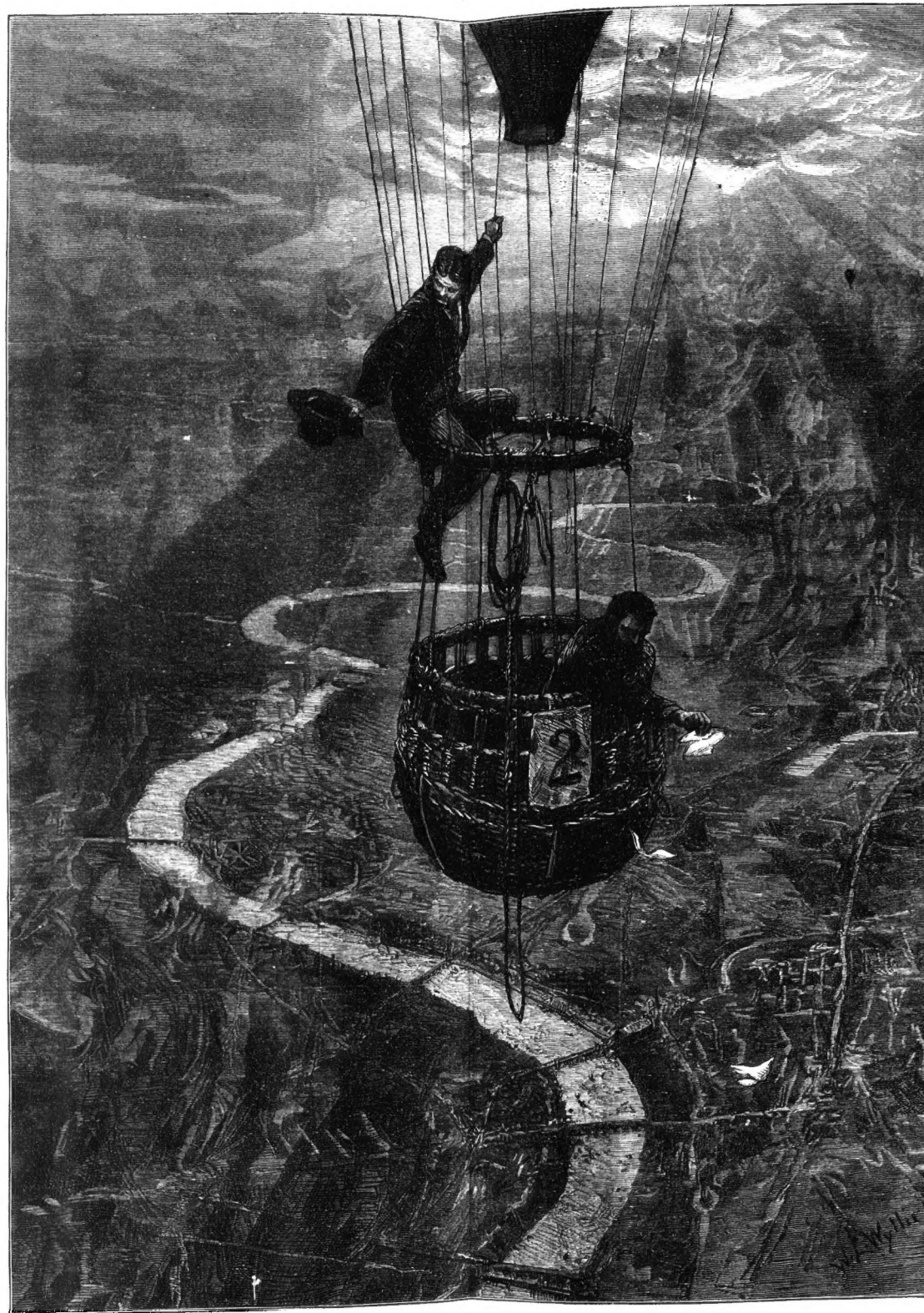
THE PLAN OF SAVING SMALL SUMS IN POSTAGE-STAMPS lately mentioned by Mr. Fawcett is to be tried as an experiment in different parts of the country. After Monday next in Cardigan, Cumberland, Kent, Leicester, Norfolk, and Somerset in England and Wales; Down and Waterford in Ireland; and Aberdeen and Ayr in Scotland; post offices will supply free a form, to which twelve stamps are to be affixed, and these forms will subsequently be received as deposits of 1s. at any post office in these counties at which there is a savings-bank. Talking of postal innovations, the post offices of all the chief Swiss towns are to be furnished with private pigeon-holes for the benefit of business men, who can hire one of these compartments for 1s. 5s. yearly, and send a messenger to obtain their letters directly the mail comes in, thus avoiding a considerable delay in the delivery.

GENERAL HANCOCK, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, has been so pestered by visitors since he accepted the candidature, that he has been obliged to deny his followers admittance except on three days of the week. He doggedly refuses to be "interviewed," and devotes himself steadily to his work as Commander of the Military Department of the Atlantic, his home being on Governors' Island, in New York Harbour. Caring little for society, the General visits only amongst his official neighbours, and prefers to spend his evenings in reading, chiefly historical or statistical works. He rarely travels far, but takes his holidays at some quiet country place, and in the summer evenings his favourite recreation is cruising about the bay in a steam-launch. As he rises at 6 A.M., his day's work is generally over by 3 or 4 P.M., and he is said to transact as much business as two clerks, taking in at a glance everything to be done.

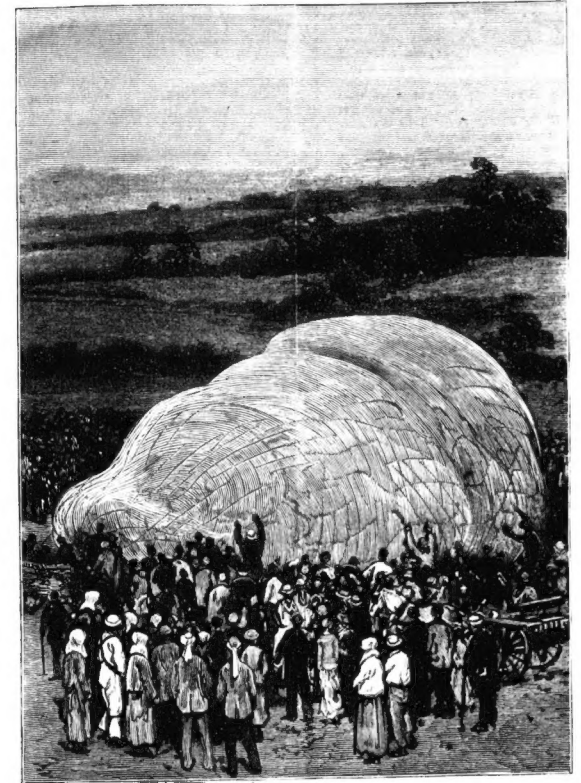
LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,460 against 1,488 in the previous seven days, being a decrease of 28, although 10 above the average, and at the rate of 20.8 per 1,000, the death-rate having been steadily declining for the last five weeks. There were 232 deaths from diarrhoea (a fall of 38, but 29 above the average), 47 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 6, and 7 below the average), 25 from whooping cough (a decline of 2), 23 from fever (an increase of 6, but 6 below the average), 15 from measles (a fall of 1), 10 from diphtheria (a decrease of 3), and 5 from smallpox (a rise of 2). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose from 124 to 152; while there were 42 deaths from violence, of which 29 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,403 births registered, a decline of 94, and 22 below the average. The mean temperature was 67.3 deg., and 7.2 above the average; while there were 55.5 hours of bright sunshine out of 94.6 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.



THE "AH! BA-LOON!"



FOURTEEN THOUSAND FEET HIGH



THE DYING BALLOON



TOWING FROM TURNIPS INTO STUBBLE



GOING TO CATCH THE TRAIN



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Having decided to cede Dulcigno, the Porte is now endeavouring to obtain a line of frontier running north-east of the Lake of Scutari, which shall leave Dinosh and Gruda to Turkey. As both the village of Dinosh and territory of Gruda are inhabited by Catholic Albanians, Turkey pleads that their surrender would rouse the inhabitants to join the Mahomedan Albanians against the cession of Dulcigno, which at present they look upon with indifference. So much doubt, however, prevails regarding the actual extent of the district included in the term "Gruda," that the negotiations are necessarily lengthy, although as these two positions lie on the opposite side of the Lake of Scutari, the delay need not prevent the immediate surrender of Dulcigno, authorised by the Sultan's Irade of Friday week. Indeed, it is stated that Riza Pasha has fixed to-morrow (Sunday) for the formal transfer of the town to the Montenegrin authorities, while from several sources we hear that the Albanians at last promise to accept the situation amicably. On the other hand, two attempts to fire the town have been discovered, and the neighbouring Albanian camps are gradually increasing in numbers. The Porte has suggested that such inhabitants as wish to remain under Turkish rule should emigrate south of the River Boyana, where they shall receive a free gift of land double the value of their former property. If much resistance is offered Turkey will probably withdraw her forces, and leave the Montenegrins to settle the matter with the aid of the Powers. As to the Naval Demonstration, all the war vessels have arrived at Ragusa, except the French contingent, which is daily expected, and as soon as the whole squadron have assembled a Council of War will be held under the presidency of the English Admiral, to decide upon future operations. The Turkish Government do not trouble themselves much about the fleet's movements at present, feeling sure that they will receive an Ultimatum from the Powers before the vessels enter upon any decided operations.

The scheme of administration for the European provinces of Turkey, drawn up by the International Reform Commission, has been presented to the Powers, accompanied by a Collective Note, explaining the reason of the proposed reforms. The Commissioners strenuously urge the importance of local government.

Although the Greek question has temporarily lapsed into the background, the Greeks themselves are steadily preparing for action if necessary. The army now musters 27,000 men, and recruits are daily enrolled. The Chamber, however, will not open till October as the King cannot return before then.

FRANCE.—Violent discussions have raged around the now famous "Declaration" of the Religious Congregations, and Conservatives and Radicals have united in condemning the document. The latter see no compromise in the Declaration, but rather an impertinent assertion of independence, while the former accuse the Government—and M. de Freycinet in particular—of being its author. Accordingly a Ministerial note in the *Journal Officiel* virtually denies the accusation, and asserts that the Government has taken no engagement respecting the execution or non-execution of the decrees, but retains entire liberty of action. This note has satisfied few of the Radical party, and the *République Française* warns the Ministry that, if it temporises, it must fall. Indeed, what has been most remarked in the whole matter is the antagonistic attitude of M. Gambetta's organ towards M. de Freycinet. The more moderate Republicans are willing to settle the question of the Decrees at once, but the Government will hardly take any important step before the Chambers meet. Meanwhile, sixty non-authorised Congregations have sent in to the Government declarations identical with that first published in the *Cuivernie*, but only two of the signatory bodies—the Oblates and Trappists—are male Orders. Five Italian sisters—Marcelines—have been expelled from Chambéry. As little else is going on at home, save the election of a Republican, M. Corneau, in the Ardennes, the French have turned their attention chiefly to British affairs. Hearty congratulations are offered on our victory in Afghanistan; but the principal interest has been felt in Mr. Forster's remarks on the House of Lords, which at first were erroneously reported as a perfect denunciation of the hereditary body. The Irreconcilables, in particular, seized on Mr. Forster's statements as supporting the campaign they have entered upon against the Senate, and which they intend to pursue vigorously during the next elections.

In PARIS the anniversary of M. Thiers' death was commemorated by a Mass at Notre Dame de Lorette, very poorly attended; while the Positivists held a grand meeting to celebrate the memory of their hero, Auguste Comte. Four theatres have reopened; only one, however, the Fantaisies-Parisiennes, producing any novelty—a pretty rustic operetta, *Le Ménestrier de Meudon*, by MM. Marot and Laurens. In the provinces, the anniversary of the Proclamation of the Republic passed off quietly on Saturday; a statue to Pascal was unveiled at his birthplace, Clermont-Ferrand, on Sunday; and a pleasure-yacht has been upset on the Breton coast, with the loss of four lives.—Tahiti has voluntarily annexed itself to France.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.—The conference of Prince Bismarck and Baron Haymerle at Friedrichsruhe has been regarded with as keen interest as the late meeting of the Austrian and German Emperors. Several journals consider the interview as a warning to Russia; while the enthusiastic reception accorded to the Emperor Francis Joseph during his recent visit to Austrian Poland is cited as evidence that the Galician Poles would like to see their brethren now under Muscovite dominion united under their own ruler. The Austrian Emperor is now attending the Galician manoeuvres.

The Sedan celebration of last week was most enthusiastic throughout the German Empire, the only difference of opinion being at Munich, where a few Bavarians objected to the Imperial flag. The Berlin manoeuvres were to begin yesterday (Friday).

RUSSIA.—The Chinese Treaty has been definitively drawn up, but will be signed at Peking, where the Russian Ambassador, Baron Putzoff, has already gone. The Marquis Tseng will now return to London. The Turcoman trouble is not progressing so favourably, and General Skobelev is said to have been summoned to Livadia to attend a Council of War. The Russians have, however, advanced a little, and are now at Virma.

The Czar's journey to Livadia last week was attended with elaborate precautions, which seem to have been highly necessary, to judge from the report that two mines were discovered at different points under the railway. For two days before he started the line from St. Petersburg to Simpheropol was guarded by some 40,000 peasants, soldiers, and police, and during a brief stoppage at Charkoff for a review, the Czar's carriage was surrounded by a cloud of Circassians and Cossacks. Charkoff is one of the former hotbeds of Nihilism, and there was little popular enthusiasm except towards General Melnikoff. A new issue of the Nihilist *Will of the People*, dating the 4th inst., has been circulated in St. Petersburg.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The British victory of the 1st inst. has completely cleared the neighbourhood of Candahar from any signs of the enemy. The city gates are now open, and business goes on as usual. General Roberts lost no time on his arrival before striking the decisive blow. Reaching Candahar only on the 31st ult., with his men fresh from a rest at Robat, he sent out the cavalry the

same afternoon to ascertain the enemy's positions. They drew the Afghan fire in all directions, and made a most successful reconnaissance. Ayoub Khan was then encamped behind a high ridge running north-east from the Argandab river, and crossed by two passes, the Baba Wali and the Morcha, a village, Pir-Paimal, being situated at the western extremity of the ridge. The Baba Wali Pass was too strongly held for a successful attack, so General Roberts determined to turn the enemy's right flank, which was weakly placed. Accordingly early on the morning of the 1st the Candahar garrison under General Primrose made a feint on the Baba Wali, while the main body, under Generals Macpherson and Baker, attacked towards Pir Paimal. Here the 92nd Highlanders and 2nd Goorkhas fairly stormed the position, which was most hotly contested, the chief fighting taking place at this point, and the Afghans speedily found their flank turned, and retreated in great disorder. The British at once pressed forward to Ayoub's camp at Mazra, meeting with little opposition, as the Afghans were flying in all directions, closely pursued by the cavalry, who had been recalled from the Baba Wali. General Gough's brigade joined the pursuit, and together the British horsemen killed over 500 fugitives. Arms and baggage were found pell-mell in Ayoub's camp, as well as thirty-two guns, including the two British pieces captured at Kusk-i-Nakhud, and comprising the whole of Ayoub's artillery, except the mountain battery taken from the Wali. A saddler discovery was that of the body of Lieutenant MacLaine, who was suddenly called out and shot by his guard on the advance of the British, some native prisoners stating that he never attempted to fly, but met his death with dignity. His pipe, journal, and remnants of a meal were found in the tent of the young officer, who was only twenty-eight. Part of the army remained the night in the camp, but the remainder marched back through the Baba Wali Pass, and on their arrival at Candahar General Roberts rode up to each regiment separately to praise their conduct. The British loss was 248 killed and wounded, and amongst the dead are Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow and Captain Frome, of the 72nd, and Captain Stratton of the 22nd (killed in signalling duty). Ayoub Khan has fled through Zemindawar towards Herat, accompanied by the rebel Sirdars and the Herati Horse, the Cabuli troops turning up the Argandab Valley towards Cabul, while the Hazilbashas want to come to terms with the British. Without money, adherents, or weapons, Ayoub Khan will find a poor welcome at Herat. The Afghan loss is stated to be very heavy, the dead lying thick in the villages and fields. The British wounded are doing well, notwithstanding the intense heat.

The British cavalry have now encamped at Kokwan, and General Roberts has requested General Phayre not to send on too many troops, but to push forward as many stores as possible. The latter General left his cavalry and artillery at Karez-i-Rarak, twelve miles from Candahar, and arrived in the city on Monday.—At Cabul Abdurrahman is fast re-establishing trade and opening the roads. No cholera has appeared amongst General Stewart's troops, and the General himself has reached Simla, leaving a brigade temporarily in the Khyber.

INDIA proper is collecting funds for the families of the killed and wounded in the present war, and Bombay has come forward with large subscriptions, while Calcutta and Madras hang back. Rain has fallen in the North-West Provinces and Punjab, but more is wanted. A disastrous fire has occurred at Srinuggar, in Cashmere.

UNITED STATES.—President Hayes has had a warm reception at Salt Lake City, but refused to allow any formal demonstration. Throughout his tour he wisely abstains from political speeches. Little interest is felt now in the present President's doings, all attention being centred on the choice of the future ruler. The Democrats have carried Arkansas and the Republicans Vermont.—The steamer *Vera Cruz*, to Havannah, foundered on the Florida coast in a violent hurricane, and only 13 of 170 persons were saved.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A terrible disaster has occurred at Logroño in SPAIN, where a pontoon bridge over the Ebro gave way just as a regiment of soldiers were crossing. Ninety-six men were drowned, including the engineer of the bridge.—ITALY is highly delighted with the tone of the Austrian and German journals on the Tunis question, and the press are hinting at alliance with Germany as revenge on France.—The Governor of JAMAICA telegraphs that the damage done by the late hurricane has been exaggerated, but other accounts state that business is suspended at Kingston, and that the property destroyed was worth 100,000.—The terms of peace between CHILI and PERU are hard on the latter. Besides paying the war bill Peru is to give up two ironclads and the artillery of Callao, and to raze the fortifications. Chili will, however, pay half the exterior debt.—SOUTH AFRICA is still lamenting over the departure of Sir Bartle Frere, who leaves this month, Sir G. Colley acting till the arrival of Sir H. Robinson. The Basuto chiefs were to hold an important meeting last week.



THE QUEEN will remain at Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold until the end of November, returning to Windsor for the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, and going to Osborne for Christmas. Her Majesty on Saturday telegraphed her congratulations to Sir F. Roberts and his troops on their recent victory over Ayoub Khan. In the evening Dean Stanley and the Rev. Donald Macleod arrived on a visit and dined with the Queen, while next morning the Rev. D. Macleod performed Divine Service at the Castle before Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess. Later in the day Earl Spencer and Mr. C. L. Peel arrived on a visit. On Monday the Queen held a Council, which was attended by Prince Leopold, Earl Spencer, and Sir H. Ponsonby, Mr. C. L. Peel being Clerk of the Council. Next evening Earl Spencer dined with Her Majesty. The Grand Duke of Hesse and family are expected next week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have continued at Cowes, but are now expected to spend some time at Abergeldie. They have delayed their visit to wish good-bye to their two sons, who start to-day (Saturday) in the *Bacchante*, for a cruise previous to the vessel joining the Flying Squadron. On Tuesday the Prince had a day's shooting with Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne at Cranbury Park, returning in the evening to Cowes.—The Prince will be unable to visit Australia during the Melbourne Exhibition as had been planned, his engagements keeping him in England. When the Princess goes to Copenhagen, she will be joined there by the Czarevna, while the King and Queen of Greece have already arrived in Denmark.

The Duke of Connaught is to be placed on the staff as Brigadier-General, in order to command a brigade at Aldershot in the stead of Major-General Peyton, whose time of service will soon expire. The Duke and his wife are still at Berlin, where they will shortly be joined by the Duke of Cambridge from Kissingen. During his stay at the German watering-place the Duke visited Prince Bismarck.—The second son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Prince Henry, will come home at the end of this month from a voyage round the world. The Prince and Princess will go to meet him at Kiel.—The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, brother of the Czar, has been visiting London.



THE CHURCH AND SOCIETY.—On Friday last week, the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered the second part of his Visitation Charge at the parish church of Tonbridge. He said that superstition and infidelity had always acted and reacted in strengthening each other, but at the present time the most formidable of the two was infidelity, whether it took the form of agnosticism, materialism, or dogmatic atheism; Christians should be careful to give no encouragement to the advancing foe by engaging in any frivolous disputes among themselves. The clergy and the laity alike ought to do all in their power to resist the inroads of these evils, but all should beware lest in a mistaken zeal they should give their opponents occasion to scoff at their injudicious treatment of subjects which are very intricate, and require much knowledge before we can handle them in detail. On Tuesday his Grace, continuing his Visitation Charge at St. Mary's Church, Dover, said that they had been fortunate in having the Burial Question made the subject of legislation under the auspices of a Lord Chancellor who was devotedly attached to the Established Church. He greatly prized the retention of the clause providing that funeral services should be Christian as well as orderly, and he was glad that the care and superintendence of the churchyards were left in the hands of the clergy. He was aware that the change made by the Act would be distasteful to many of the clergy; but his own hope was that it would serve to strengthen the Church by removing a most painful cause of controversy.

RITUALISM AT LIVERPOOL.—Some correspondence has taken place between Bishop Ryle and the Rev. J. Bell Cox, of St. Margaret's, Prince's Park, respecting the ritual observed there. In his first letter the Bishop asked that four things should be given up, viz.: lighted candles, the cope, the biretta, and incense. Mr. Cox replied that as all the things objected to had been in use for eleven years, and had been presented by the people, he should like to consult his congregation. Dr. Ryle assented, and the result was that Mr. Cox after conferring with his churchwardens and sidesmen wrote again to the Bishop, declining to recognise the Privy Council decision, and saying that it would be difficult to reconcile the congregation to any change, especially as they had not been interfered with under Bishop Jacobson. To this Dr. Ryle has replied that the question at issue is not what the congregation likes or has been accustomed to, but what is legal, and that though laws and legal decisions may possibly be bad they must be obeyed so long as they are not repealed or reserved. This admonition seems to have had no effect, for last Sunday no change was made in the ritual at St. Margaret's.

MIRACLES AND PILGRIMAGES IN IRELAND.—A correspondent of a contemporary states that crowds of visitors and pilgrims continue to flock to the village of Knock, County Mayo, which in ten months has grown from the merest hamlet to a considerable town. The alleged occurrence of another "apparition" at Ballyragget, Kilkenny, will it is thought soon make that place also a popular rendezvous for pilgrims. Already the railway company are issuing return tickets at single fares, and stalls are being erected for the sale of rosaries, statues, religious pictures and—"refreshments."

THE LONDON OPEN-AIR MISSION has just received a second donation of 100l. from the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

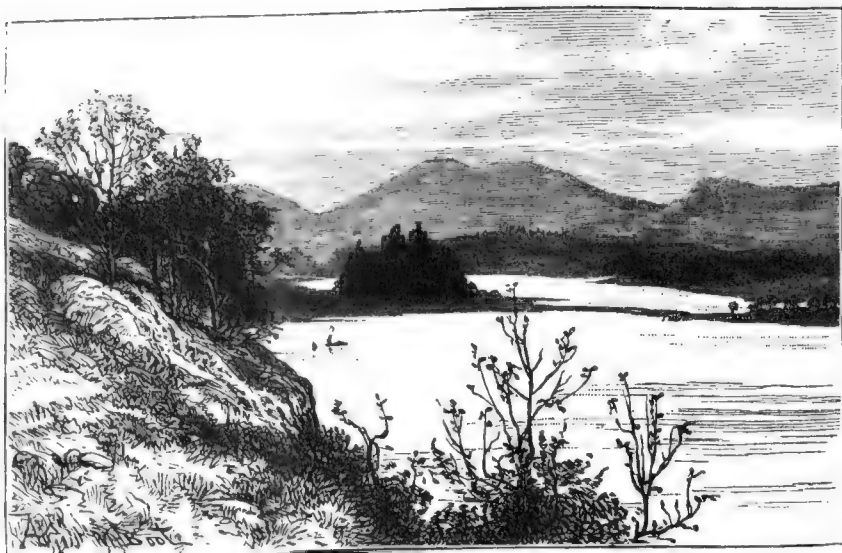
THE WORKING MEN'S PROTESTANT LEAGUE have sent a memorial to the Home Secretary, expressing apprehension at the gradual innovations of Ritualists and Romanists, especially the latter, who "are encroaching on the sanctity of the Sabbath by their demonstrations in the public streets on that day," and praying him to "take steps to prevent any disturbance through the infraction of the Sabbath law and outrage of the feelings of the mass of this Protestant community."



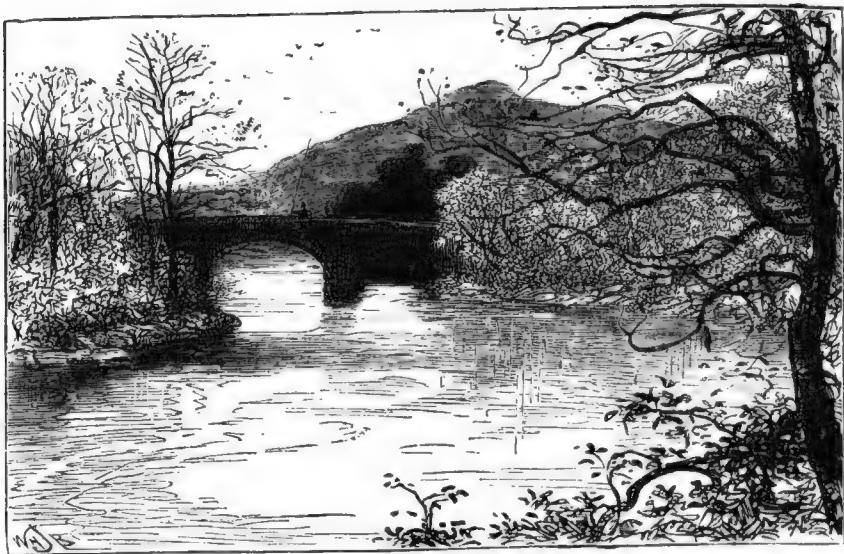
THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.—Readers of *The Graphic* have already been made acquainted with the materials composing the prospectus of the 157th meeting of the Three Choirs, which, as we write, has just terminated at Gloucester. Great cry has been raised for "novelties" at these time-honoured gatherings; but little good has come of it. There has been for some years a tendency to put aside the works of the universally recognised masters, in favour of those of a modern school which has no conceivable affinity with them. And up to the present time to what has all this brought us? Thanks to Wagner and Liszt (compared with Wagner, a Bardolph, or at best a Pistol, to Falstaff) we are all of us in a muddle. But the cry is still for "novelty"—novelty in the so-called "advanced school," be it understood; nothing less will do. Well; we have heard a good deal of this "novelty"—which is fittest described as "chaos come again." Our venerated Sacred Harmonic Society has been admonished because it adheres to the principles upon which it was avowedly set on foot. Handel was its *point d'appui* at the beginning; Haydn followed; then Spohr; then Mozart; then Beethoven; then Mendelssohn; then J. S. Bach (better late than never), &c. But these have become "stale," and must, according to the Wolzogenites, be thrust aside. For what? For something that would render musical art a mockery. As well do away with our National Gallery of Pictures as with the works of those Heaven-inspired composers. Happily, we find no signs indicating that our more than century-and-a-half established Three Choirs Festivals have any idea of abandoning that kind of sacred music which from the beginning has been their stronghold. During the week we have not only had *Elijah*, but also *St. Paul* ("bastard operas" as Wagner styled oratorios), by the same illustrious Mendelssohn, who according to the Oracle at Bayreuth, made music "a good society element"; to which enthusiasts for Mendelssohn, and happily there are many, might retort that the author of *Tristan and Isolde* and the "Ring" made music "a bad society element." To these greatest oratorios since Haydn's *Creation* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, were added Spohr's sacred masterpiece, *The Last Judgment*, the immortal "Requiem" of Mozart (his "Transfiguration"), the "Stabat Mater" of Palestrina (a mine which all Italian composers for the Church have explored), Beethoven's superb *Missa Solennis* in D, and—a matter of course, as it is likely to be a century hence—the *Messiah* of Handel, which as we all know, brings flocks of country people on the concluding day. By way of "novelty," too, in this department, there was *Christmas Day*, a sacred cantata by Mr. Henry Holmes, set to the text of Keble, about which we are disposed to think highly. Thus the cathedral performances were not only ample, but presented almost an *embarras de richesses*. Miscellaneous concerts in the Shire Hall were given on Tuesday and Thursday, at the first of which the other important novelty of the week—"scenes from

RECTIFYING A JUDICIAL BLUNDER.—At the Surrey Quarter Sessions last week, warrants were applied for and granted for the re-arrest of the seven persons who, at the Summer Assizes, had been liberated without trial in consequence of their having been erroneously committed to the Sessions instead of the Assizes. One

(Continued on page 262.)



KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE



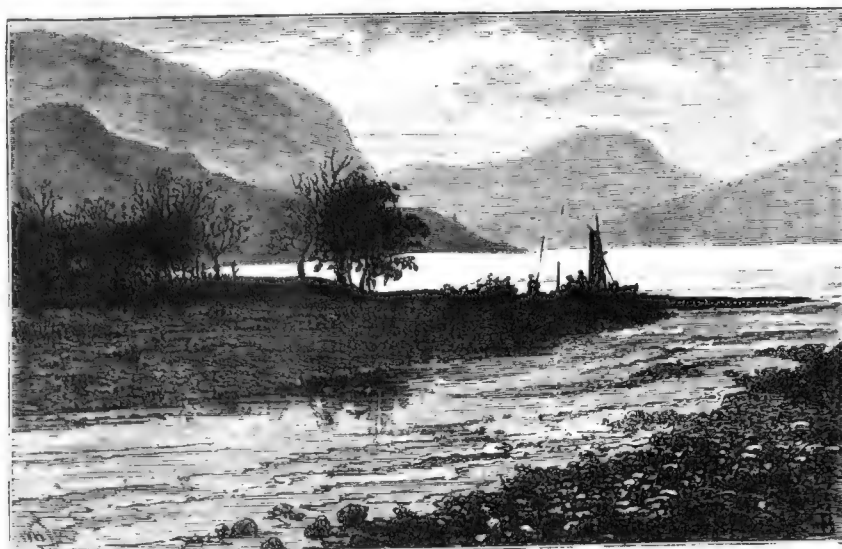
OLD BRIDGE, DALMALLY, RIVER ORCHY



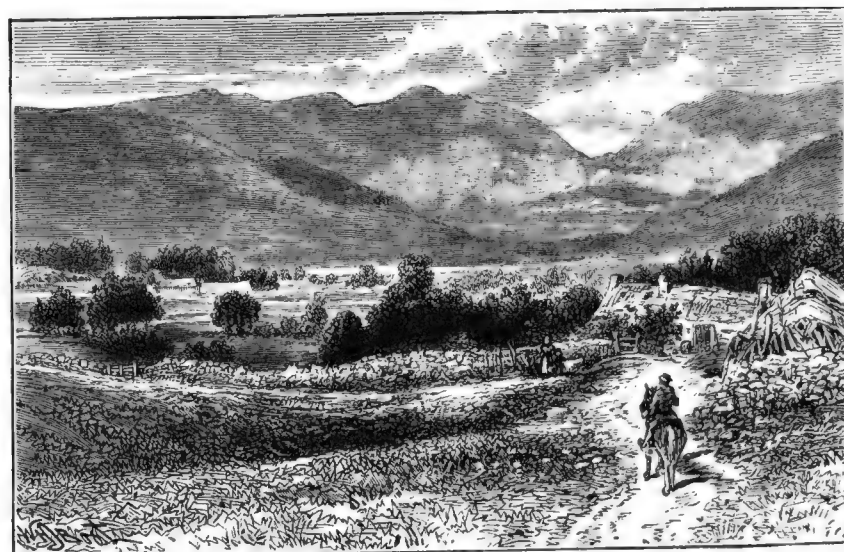
LOCH DOCHART



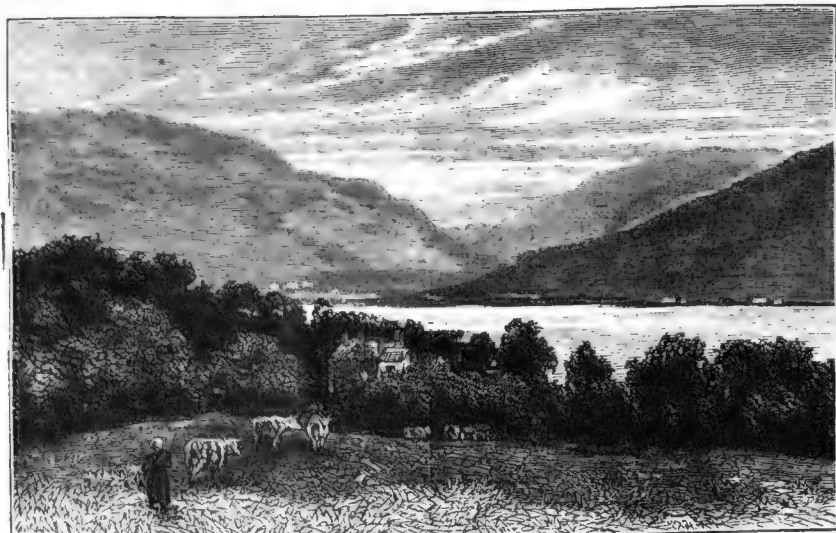
THE PASS OF BRANDER, LOCH AWE



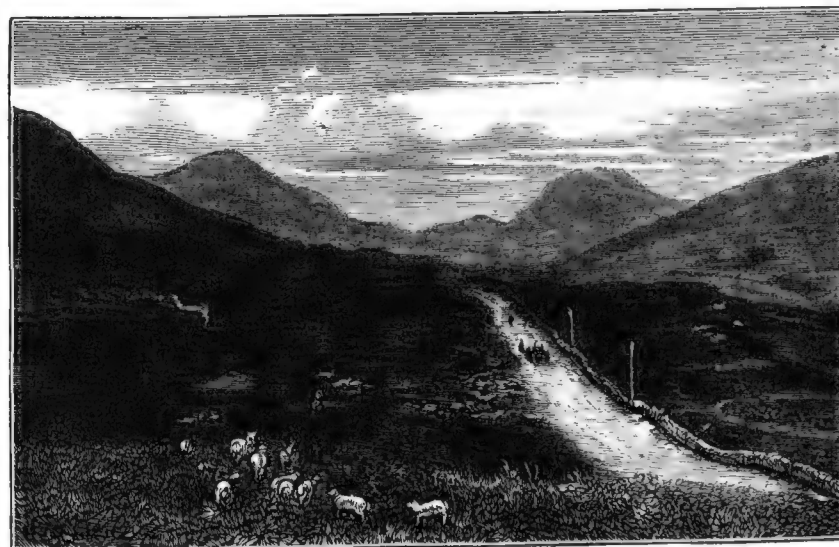
LOCH LUBNAIG



THE BEN CRUACHAN RANGE, DALMALLY



LOCH EARN AND ENTRANCE TO GLEN OGLE



ROAD BETWEEN LOCH AWE AND DALMALLY, GLEN STRÆ

THE CALLANDER AND OBAN RAILWAY — VIEWS ON THE LINE OF ROUTE



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

She got up, flushed and startled, and followed him to the window.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER LXI.

"NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND"

LODGING in Sorrento at the Hotel della Sirena, Lancelot and Winifred found the place full of English, and themselves surrounded by a halo of popularity. Nor—having regard to the romantic nature of the British tourist—was that result surprising. Youth, wealth, rank, good looks were theirs; and besides this fourfold passport to success, our bride and bridegroom reaped the fruits of that peculiar interest which attaches, however irrationally, to the earlier stages of matrimony.

"Lord and Lady Brackenbury—on their wedding tour—only two months married, I hear—brother to that Lord Brackenbury who disappeared so mysteriously, you know, about five years ago—immensely rich—coal mines somewhere in the north—Pretty?—oh, awfully pretty—quite beautiful, in fact—No money, they say—ancient family—quite a *mariage de cœur*—charming couple! He paints, you know—was to have been an artist—makes lovely sketches—the father was British Ambassador here at Naples, for ever so many years—most extraordinary affair that, about the elder brother—oh, murdered!—undoubtedly murdered—excessively eccentric—used to travel armed to the teeth, with a hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels in an iron box—a premium to brigands, as one may say. Indeed, yes—what else was to be expected?—No, I don't think the body was ever found—quite a *cause célèbre*—Did you notice Lady Brackenbury's dress this morning? Wasn't it perfectly exquisite, and so simple!—ah, well! my husband is over head and ears in love with her—and yours?—How amusing!—But really, you know, they are very nice—couldn't be nicer—I have written to my people in Cheshire to be sure to call upon them, as soon as they return home—Lancashire, did you say?—Ah well, their place is just on the borders of both counties,—partly in Cheshire, partly in Lancashire—you may call it which you please! By the way, wasn't Vesuvius lovely last night? Did you see that streak of fire on the Naples side of the cone? The landlord said it was sulphur; but that's nonsense—it must have been lava—Giuseppe, our courier, came to us before we had left the *table d'hôte*, to say how fine the mountain was, and to ask if we would like a boat—we were on the water for nearly three hours—oh, delightful!—smooth as glass—we did not get back to our rooms till nearly midnight—yes, indeed!—most fortunate—many people are here for months together, and see nothing but a little smoke all the time!"

Such, with variations, was the kind of gossip going on daily among the visitors at the Sirena. Conscious, meanwhile, of a prevailing atmosphere of smiles and pleasantness, Lancelot and

Winifred took life on its sunny side, and made perpetual holiday. They rode on donkeys, they boated, they walked, they drove; they ran over for a couple of days to Capri, and saw the blue grotto; they made the excursion to Amalfi and Salerno; they sketched everywhere—among the pines of Massa, and the lone rocks of Galli, and the pathetic solitudes of Pompeii. They, too, saw that "streak of fire" on Vesuvius—a thin red line edged by a wavering fringe of lurid smoke. Lancelot at once pronounced it to be a slender stream of lava. Next morning, however, there was nothing to be seen save a long brown splash, and a fresh deposit of sulphur round the lip of the cone.

All this time, they were daily planning the ascent of the mountain, and daily deferring it in favour of other excursions; Winifred being, in truth, more anxious to go than was Lancelot to take her.

"If my husband made a full confession of his sins," said Winifred, "he would own to having purposely and maliciously interposed every obstacle he can think of!"

"I should be glad if you gave up the idea," he replied. "It is an unfit excursion for a lady."

"Ladies go up every day!"

"Ladies do many things which they ought not to be allowed to do; Vesuvius being one of those things, and the Great Pyramid another."

"Nevertheless, I have set my heart on ascending Vesuvius—and the Great Pyramid also, if ever you take me to Egypt. But you promise that it shall really be to-morrow?"

"If you must have it so; and if nothing happens to prevent."

"What should happen?—An eruption? Perhaps you have bespoken one for the purpose?"

"Just that! Shall we say:—positively for one night only; Amphitheatre Royal, the Bay of Naples. By special desire—to-morrow, Wednesday, the sixteenth instant, that renowned performer, MOUNT VESUVIUS, will have the honour to ERUPT at midnight precisely. The audience are requested to be in their seats by forty-five minutes past eleven. Carriages to be ordered at break of day. Prices, . . . well, what about prices? Shall we be justified in saying a guinea a stall?"

Winifred first laughed, and then looked grave.

"I think it is rather shocking to make light of anything so serious," she said.

"You are right, and I ought to know better. An eruption took place one autumn, while I was at school at Lausanne. I saw the scene of disaster afterwards, and a terrible scene it was. A whole village—the village of Caposecco—was overwhelmed. One poor old man had both feet shrivelled; several brave fellows who were

rendering assistance to the sufferers were blinded by the burning ashes; and some very old people were burned alive in their beds. There was great misery all that winter among the unfortunate refugees, most of whom fled into Castellamare. Ah, dear child! it is but too true—an eruption of Vesuvius is no laughing matter."

This conversation took place one Tuesday morning in a secluded creek known at Sorrento as "Queen Johanna's Bath." Entered from the sea by a narrow breach in the cliffs, this creek expands within into a deep, pellucid pool completely shut in on every side—

deep as an urn
By rocks encompass'd.

An arch of ruined brickwork spans the cleft which was once the water-gate of a Roman villa. The surrounding cliffs are thick-set with brick foundations, and fragments of reticulated vaulting. On every ledge, and in every cranny, grow mosses and wild-flowers; and on the grassy level above, hidden away among violet-roots and brambles, may yet be found, by those who care to seek for them, patches of mosaic pavement, and coins, and graven gems.

To this solitary spot they had often come of late; Lancelot with his sketching materials, Winifred with her book. It was a nook for a painter, or a poet, or a pair of lovers. Through the dark arch, they caught a glimpse of the bay and the gliding sails beyond. In the translucent depths beneath their feet, every shell and seaweed and starfish was as visible as if seen through a microscope; while the air was filled with sweet scents of clover and wild thyme, "and murmuring of innumerable bees."

All that day, the sea was calm and the sky cloudless. Not a leaf stirred upon the trees; not a ripple broke the glassy surface of the bay. Even Vesuvius, seeming to share in the universal languor, sent up so imperceptible a thread of smoke, that but for the little canopy of cloud which hung motionless above the cone, it might have been doubted that the mountain breathed.

The night that followed was very still and hot; and up till twelve o'clock, the gardens of the Sirena were full of loiterers watching the fireflies, sipping coffee and iced drinks, and smoking cigarettes. Even when the last of these were gone and the hotel was closed for the night, the little world of Sorrento was still abroad, twanging mandolines at street-corners; laughing and chattering and story-telling down by the water-steps in the harbour; and singing barcaroles from boat to boat out in the bay.

Lancelot woke early next morning. He looked at his watch. It was four o'clock, and through the closed jalousies he could see that the sun was shining. Very softly, he rose, stole into his dressing-room, and opened the window. The sea was as smooth, the sky as cloudless, as yesterday. There was not a sail in sight; there was

not a human being stirring. There was a dreamy scent of orange-blossoms on the air; the thrushes were singing in the gardens below; and a lovely cloud, rosy and golden, "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand," hung over Vesuvius, like the cloud that rested on the Ark.

The young man looked long at this fair, familiar scene; turned away with a sigh; then partly dressed himself, and sat down to write.

For several mornings he had waked about this time—in fact, ever since that visit to the old villa, now nearly a week ago—and each morning he had found it impossible to sleep again. So, having an accumulation of letters to answer, he made a virtue of necessity, and went to work. But to work was not easy. His thoughts wandered; his pen stopped; and he caught himself more than once staring into vacancy, and there seeing, not the wardrobe in front of his writing-table, but the home of his boyhood, the lawns and shrubberies in which he used to play, and a certain grassy knoll on which three figures stood, with their faces towards the sea. One of those figures haunted him. He was impatient with himself for his own folly; he told himself again and again that it was a mere chance resemblance—that it was no resemblance at all—and yet . . . and yet he could not shake off the impression! So strong was that impression, and so startling, that he rode over next day to Castellamare for no other purpose than to make inquiry about the shipping there lying at anchor. Those inquiries, however, resulted in nothing. The harbour was crowded with masts and the quays with rough sea-faring men; but the vessels were all Italian traders from various parts of the coast; some from Reggio, some from Leghorn, two from Tarento, three or four from Marsala, one from Bari, and at least half-a-dozen from Genoa. Besides these, there was a small Government steamer belonging to the dockyard, and a score or more of those picturesque luggers laden with pottery, macaroni, wine, oil, and grain, which ply between Naples and the smaller coast towns. As for local fishing and pleasure craft, their name was legion. But English yachts, or English vessels of any kind, there were none.

And now, an end to dreams and fancies! Here were letters from his lawyer, his architect, his builder, his agent, and a dozen more, all waiting to be answered out of hand. He must get those answers written before breakfast; for at eleven, they were to start for Naples; and at Naples they had arranged to put up for a couple of days, in order to ascend Vesuvius from Resina next morning.

So again he dipped his pen in the ink, and went on writing. Presently the clock on the mantelpiece struck five. Then, fancying that he heard a sound in the next room, he rose, and peeped through the half-open door.

Winifred still slept. Her hair fell in heavy masses on the pillow; her cheek rested on her outstretched arm; her hand, half drooping, half unclosed, lay just where it was lying when he left her. Listening to her gentle breathing, looking upon her beauty with a painter's eye and a lover's tenderness, Lancelot lingered for a moment; then turned away to resume his work.

But, glancing towards the open window as he passed, he beheld a startling change in the placid scene without. Instead of that little roseate cloud which reminded him just now of the cloud upon the Ark, he saw a huge column of smoke rising in white and golden-tinted masses against an intensely clear blue sky. Even as he gazed upon it, the speed and density of this column increased with amazing rapidity, as if propelled each moment at a higher and higher pressure.

He ran to wake Winifred.

"Get up, dear!" he said. "Get up at once! Vesuvius is smoking magnificently; but it may not last many minutes."

She got up, flushed and startled, letting him wrap her in a warm dressing-gown, and following him to the window.

Even in that brief moment, the smoke had doubled in volume; and still, with inconceivable force and swiftness, it kept rushing upward—developing, spreading, changing; towering higher and higher; piling itself mass above mass; assuming a thousand strange and fantastic shapes; shapes of sunlit promontories, of castles, lions, capes, aqueducts, Alps! It was no longer a column, but a gigantic plume; it was no longer a plume, but an arch—an arch indescribably splendid and stupendous, spanning half the horizon.

Winifred clasped her hands and stood breathless.

"Oh, Lancelot!" she said, awe-struck, "it is an eruption!"

CHAPTER LXIII.

"FOR FEAR OF THE LAVA"

FOR a long time—perhaps an hour, but it seemed like half-a-day—Lancelot and Winifred watched this splendid pageant, of which they were, apparently, the only spectators. Not a living creature seemed to be awake in all Sorrento. At length, a sleepy porter appeared in the gardens below; then a couple of vetturini; and by and by the place became filled with little groups of idlers, staring at the mountain and the smoke.

By eight every one in the hotel was up and out; the English all talking of "the eruption;" the Italians all denying that it was anything but a temporary disturbance.

"An eruption? Oh, dear, no—nothing of the kind!" said the smiling landlord. "Eruptions do not begin in this way. A fine sight—nothing more! These ladies and gentlemen may rest assured that it will all be over in an hour or two."

Then, turning to Lancelot and Winifred, who were breakfasting at a little table in the garden, he added:—

"Milord and miladi will not be disappointed of their excursion. They will ascend the mountain to-morrow all the same. Ah, we who know Vesuvius are not easily deceived by appearances!"

Lancelot was of the landlord's opinion. The boatmen, the vetturini, all told the same tale. Vesuvius was smoking a big pipe this morning, instead of a little cigarette—Ecco tutto!

By nine—the weathercock pointing due west, although there was not a breath stirring—the huge smoke-arch reached right across the eastward arm of the bay, roofing in all the coast between Vesuvius and Castellamare.

The Brackenburys, meanwhile, put off the carriage till the afternoon, and spent the morning in their own balcony, where Lancelot set himself to sketch the convolutions of the smoke.

All at once he laid down his brush and listened.

"Do you hear that?" he said.

It was a something so low, so deep, so remote, that it seemed to be felt rather than heard. It was more a trembling of the air—or the earth—than a sound.*

"What is it?"

"Hush! it comes again!"

It did come again; louder, but not less remote. It sounded like the throbbing of a deep and mighty organ pipe. Then again it died away.

At the same moment an immense volley of black vapour shot up into the midst of the lovely cloud, mingling with those masses of white and gold, and turning them copper and purple. Then the subterranean thunder rolled louder and longer; and the smoke poured out all black, rent with flashes of fire; and three small streams of lava, white and seething, began slowly crawling down the cone.

*Notwithstanding that the main action of "Lord Brackenbury" may be supposed to take place during the sixth decade of the present century, the eruption here described is the Great Eruption of 1872. This anachronism will, it is trusted, be condoned in favour of the truth of local colour with which the author, as an eyewitness of the event, is enabled to present the scene.

That this was the beginning of an eruption was now beyond doubt. All nature seemed to know it. The birds ceased singing, and fled to the bushes. The cattle came straying home alone from the pasture. The landlord's big hound slunk into his kennel, and howled dismally. The air meanwhile became hot and heavy; while far away at the other side of the mountain, apparently in the deep hollow between Monte Somma and the cone, a cloud of steam and smoke marked the path of some vast lava-stream not visible from Sorrento.

"It is impossible!" said Lancelot. "Nothing remains the same for ten seconds together. Form, colour, light, shadow, change and interchange and shift incessantly!—I give it up."

The balcony was strewn with sketches begun and flung down unfinished. He gathered these scattered leaves into a portfolio, and put away his colours.

"What shall we do?" he said, pacing backwards and forwards. "Will you be afraid to go to Naples? Or are you minded to stay here, and watch the eruption from a distance? Don't you feel a desperate longing to do something?—to go somewhere?"

Winifred at once said that she would rather go to Naples. It was already evident, indeed, that the main flow of the lava was on the Naples side. Even while they were yet debating when to start, a column of tawny smoke began rising from some point behind the Observatory. This column was presently followed by another, and another; all separate, as if indicating the sites of great fires. The cloud-arch, meanwhile, had spread almost to the environs of Sorrento.

It was late in the afternoon—nearly five o'clock—when Lancelot and Winifred drove into Castellamare. They found the harbour half emptied of its shipping (most of the vessels having crossed to Naples) and the station crowded with country-folk, raving, wailing, gesticulating.

"There was no danger where this lot came from," said a fat official, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously ("questa roba" were his words; literally "this stuff," or "this rubbish"); "but the Municipality of Naples has put on a service of gratuitous trains, and we are obliged to take them."

A barefooted woman sitting on a bundle of bedding caught the words, and sprang in sudden frenzy to her feet.

"Hear him!" she cried, tossing her arms wildly. "Hear him!—he says there is no danger! Holy Mother of God!—no danger, with red cinders showering down into the streets of Portici, and every one flying for fear of the lava, and San Sebastiano and Massa di Somma in flames!"

One or two intending passengers paused at this, and began questioning the guard.

"Is it safe to go to Naples?"

"Does the lava flow towards the coast?"

"If Portici is threatened, then surely the line is also threatened?"

But the guard, and some three or four travellers who had just come in with the train, declared unanimously that the cinders were not falling in Portici, and that there was no present danger.

"They are mad with fright, and say whatever comes uppermost," growled the fat official, transfixing a huge cigar with his pen-knife before proceeding to light it. "These ladies and gentlemen, if they are going to Naples, had better take their places."

So, despite a warning howl from the crowd, the passengers took their seats.

There were two gentlemen in the compartment with Lancelot and Winifred; one a military man in a blue cloak, the other a civilian.

"If it does come down, it will hardly select the moment when we are passing!" said the warrior, unbuckling his sword and settling himself in his corner.

His companion laughed lightly.

"Carambo! It was reported an hour ago that the Lachryma-Christi vines were in peril; and they are on this side."

Lancelot glanced at Winifred, and felt a pang of apprehension; but she was anxiously watching the poor folk on the platform, among whom she had distributed all the lire in her purse, and she heard nothing of this conversation. Already, too, the train was in motion. They could not go back if they would. It was too late.

Speeding forward now into the deepening gloom, they hear the terrible voice of the mountain rolling louder and nearer. On every bye-road skirted or bridged by the line of railway, are seen straggling processions of footsore fugitives, and files of country carts laden with poor furniture. At every little station there is the same frightened crowd—old men; old women; mothers with infants in their arms; little children, some with their aprons full of bread, others carrying a pet kitten, or a bird in a cage. Many of these poor souls have stored their household goods in the cellars of their cottages, rescuing only their beds and bedding. Not the least striking feature of this universal Exodus is the indolence and indifference of the strong. While the weak and the aged are dragging trucks and barrows and plodding under burdens, all the railway bridges and embankments, all the little sea-side piers and landing-places, all the walls and house-tops, are crowded with men and boys staring, clamouring, smoking, and doing nothing.

Leaving in the rear the long mound of Pompeii and passing Torre dell'Annunziata, the line now skirts the lower slopes of Vesuvius. The great cone towers grey and threatening against a black background, and, from the heart of a vast column of smoke, throws up a perpetually rising and falling fountain of living fire. Drawing still nearer, that fountain is seen to be mingled with showers of red hot stones. Now, too, the din of the eruption becomes every moment more deafening. It is neither like thunder, nor like discharges of artillery, nor like anything in heaven or earth but itself. All other terrible noises—even the raging of the sea at its fiercest—are intermittent. But this dread reverberation fills all the space betwixt earth and sky with one solid implacable roar.

Winifred sat motionless; her eyes fixed, her lips white, her hands locked one in the other.

"Dear heart, do not be frightened," Lancelot said, bending forward; "we are in no danger here."

She saw the movement of his lips, and guessed the words.

"Oh, but I am frightened!" she said. "It is awful. It is like listening to the voice of God!"

But neither heard a word spoken by the other.

Now the train stops at Torre del Greco. Behind the barrier they see more women; more children; a dog keeping watch over a pile of household goods; a big man wringing his hands and crying like a girl. The guard runs beside the carriages—shouts the name of the station—blows his bugle. But all passes in dumb show; for neither those in the train nor those on the platform hear any sound save the One. Not even the steam-whistle, nor the motion of the engine, is audible.

Portici next. But here is no waiting crowd. Portici is empty. Its streets are deserted; its population has fled. And yonder, suspended above the town, two streams of fire are slowly smoking down the cone. The lava shows crimson in the deepening dusk; creeping, twisting, withing, lapping mass over mass, with something of a live horror in its motion, as of a reptile in agony.

And now, Portici being left behind, the officer and his companion rise and press to the window at which Lancelot and Winifred are sitting. The air grows thick and sulphurous. A broadening copper glare streams up the sky. The last straggling houses are passed; the last curve is turned; and, as the train enters upon the broad valley between Vesuvius and Naples, comes into sight, suddenly, the whole westward flank of the mountain; its ridge

battresses channelled by innumerable rivers of fire—rivers meeting, mingling, parting, yet all rushing to one common goal; that goal a vast natural platform some three or four hundred feet above the plain. Here they unite, spreading to right and left in one broad lake of fire; and upon the brink of this awful lake, stationed perhaps a mile apart, like the outposts of a Satanic camp, stand three blazing villages.

Whether purposely, that the passengers might gaze upon this appalling spectacle, or from some other cause, the engine at this point slackens speed, and, without actually standing still, moves at almost a footpace across the valley.

CHAPTER LXIII.

AT THE HOTEL DE ROME

IT was after sunset and nearly dusk, when the train steamed into the station at Naples; for here, to the leeward of the smoke, the natural order of day and dark once more prevailed. Also—the distance between Naples and Vesuvius being about equal to the distance between Vesuvius and Castellamare—the roar of the eruption was so far subdued that to hear and be heard was no longer impossible.

All Naples was out; immense crowds having gathered at every spot from which the mountain was visible. The quay of Santa Lucia was one sea of heads. The house-tops, the windows, the balconies, were lined with gazers. The roadway was blocked with carriages. The breakwaters were black with closely-packed human beings. Even the lamp-posts and the trees along the quays, even the yards and rigging of the vessels in the harbour, were covered with spectators.

There is always something impressive in the mere presence of a vast multitude, even though the occasion be joyous and the multitude disposed to merriment; but in the sullen silence of these tens of thousands there was a solemnity not to be told in words. Every face wore the same fixed look, and was turned in the same direction.

Then, as now, the Villa di Roma, commonly called the Hotel de Rome, was the best of the few Neapolitan hostels which commanded a view of Vesuvius. To the Hotel de Rome, therefore, driving slowly, with many stoppages—did Lancelot and Winifred straightway repair. They found that well-conducted establishment in a state of abnormal confusion; the yard full of hack carriages; the landings and passages full of luggage; porters everywhere; waiters nowhere. Here were parties of travellers hurrying away in terror by the evening trains to Capua, *en route* for Rome; others, attracted by the eruption, just arrived, or arriving. Some were clamouring for their bills; others for accommodation. Lancelot, as one of the latter, having with difficulty gained audience of the bewildered landlord, succeeded in securing (upon exorbitant terms) a third-floor apartment overlooking the bay and the mountain.

It was now close upon nine o'clock, and a desultory *table d'hôte* dinner which had been dragging its slow length along ever since half-past six, was still going on in the Salle à Manger. Neither had any of those present sat down to such a dinner. Conversing across the table, they had to speak as loudly as if talking across a street. The windows shook; the glass and silver rattled; the floors trembled. People took their seats, dusty and travel-stained, just as they had come off their journeys. Others went away in the middle of their dinners. Even those who were neither coming nor going, laid down their knives and forks every now and then, and went to the windows to see if there was any change.

Here, being in need of food and rest, Lancelot and Winifred thought themselves fortunate when they got a scared-looking waiter to bring them some cold soup and a dish of languid cutlets.

Presently the door opened, and there entered a tall, thin man, with an eyeglass screwed into his right eye, his hat in his hand, and a lady's shawl upon his arm. He was so very tall that he had to stoop as he passed under the chandelier; and so thin that if, like Peter Schlemihl, he had sold his shadow to the devil, no one would have missed it. Rambling up the room and looking for a place to his liking, he fixed upon two chairs facing those occupied by Lancelot and Winifred.

"Here—*qui*," he said, eking out his scant Italian with an undue proportion of his native English. "These two—*queste due*; and dinner immediately—do you understand? *Presto—subito*—immediately."

Then, looking across the table, he stared, let the glass drop from his eye, and ejaculated:—

"Eh?—is it possible?—Lord Brackenbury!"

Lancelot rose, and the two men shook hands across the table.

"When I last heard of you," said Lancelot, "you were at Constantinople, and had been at Palmyra. I trust the Countess Castelrosso is well? You do not know my wife? Winifred, this is Mr. Fink, whose name must be familiar to you."

Mr. Fink, bowing profoundly, was seen rather than heard to say that he was enchanted to—to—to have the honour of—of making Lady Brackenbury's acquaintance.

"We were at Ischia," he said, speaking with a curious mixture of flurry and hesitation; "but we rushed across at the first burst of the eruption. Fearful noise!—impossible to make one's-self heard without bawling. I beg a thousand pardons!"

Saying which, Mr. Fink (having carefully deposited the shawl in one chair and his hat in the other) rambled out of the room again, returning presently with the Countess Castelrosso, who looked as delicately fresh and beautiful, as elegantly flounced, frilled, and clear-starched, as if there were no such horrors as smoke and sulphur in the world.

"For years I have been dying to know you, Lady Brackenbury," she said, when greetings and introductions were over, and they had settled into their places. "Yes; for years—ever since I became your neighbour. But then, you know, you never called upon me! My husband would not let me call upon you. He told me that it was against the English law, and punishable with transportation for life. But I have heard a great deal about you from Mrs. Pennefeather—and about Langtreys Grange. She tells me it is the most beautiful old timber-house in the three counties. We have timber-houses in America—real old ones, too; as old, almost, as the time of the Pilgrim Fathers; but then the oldest of ours would, of course, be a thing of yesterday compared with Langtreys Grange."

"My aunt was an old lady," Winifred said, "and we never called upon any one."

"Mrs. Pennefeather told me you did not care for society, Lady Brackenbury; and that comforted me. I knew then you were not leaving me out in the cold."

"I hardly know whether we cared for society or not," Winifred replied, simply. "We were very poor; and, not being able to afford it, we never thought about it."

The fair Countess blushed crimson, and, for probably the first time in her life, knew not what to say. According to her creed, ugliness and poverty were the two cruellest ills that flesh is heir to; and she would as soon have thought of taunting an uncomely woman with her uncomeliness as of reminding her new acquaintance of the straitened circumstances of her girlhood. She little dreamed that those four words, "We were very poor," cost Winifred no more annoyance or false shame than she might have felt in saying, "We were very far off," or "We were very much engaged."

Mr. Fink, however, divining his wife's dismay, plunged headlong into the eruption, and turned the conversation.

"You would never guess where we have just come from," he said,



To our Friends who have never been to Venice.

Put Turner & the other Poetical painters out of your minds for a while & let us shew you the city as we see it. To begin with — here is the scene outside the Railway Station on arriving. No cabs — no noise of wheels. You step calmly down by the light of the moon into a boat — a Gondola — with the help of an elderly cloaked Venetian, who offers his arm, fixes the boat with a hook, & holds out his hat all at the same time: & then you glide smoothly along the Grand Canal — bordered with palaces which are lightless & silent — slip stealthily thro' some smaller corner-lamped canals & find yourself at your hotel. All carrying of goods, & of people who do not care to walk along the odorous narrow alleys,

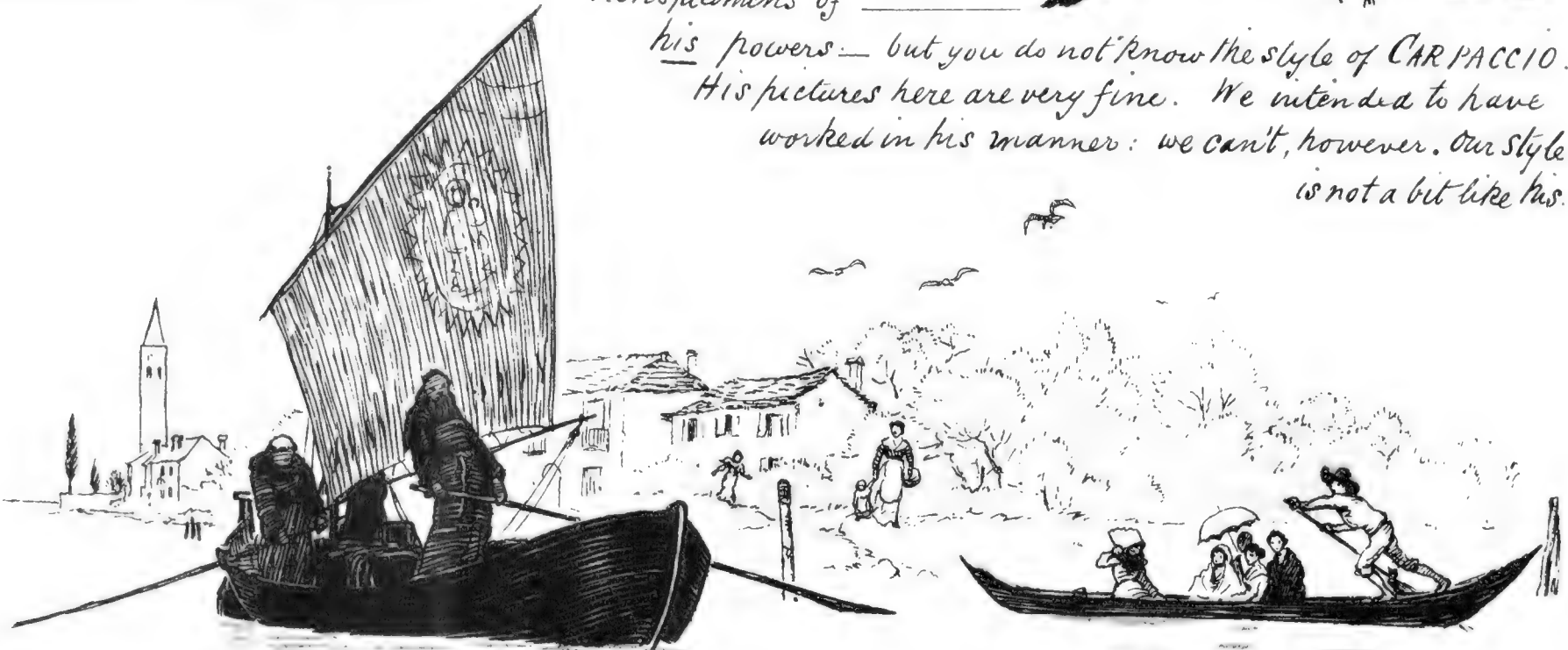
is done by Gondolas & other boats, yet nobody ever falls into the water — except American boys who will use umbrellas as sails for canoes & fussy people like one of our party who fell in one fine day. Here he is —

being hooked out. Now you are sure to want to know what a

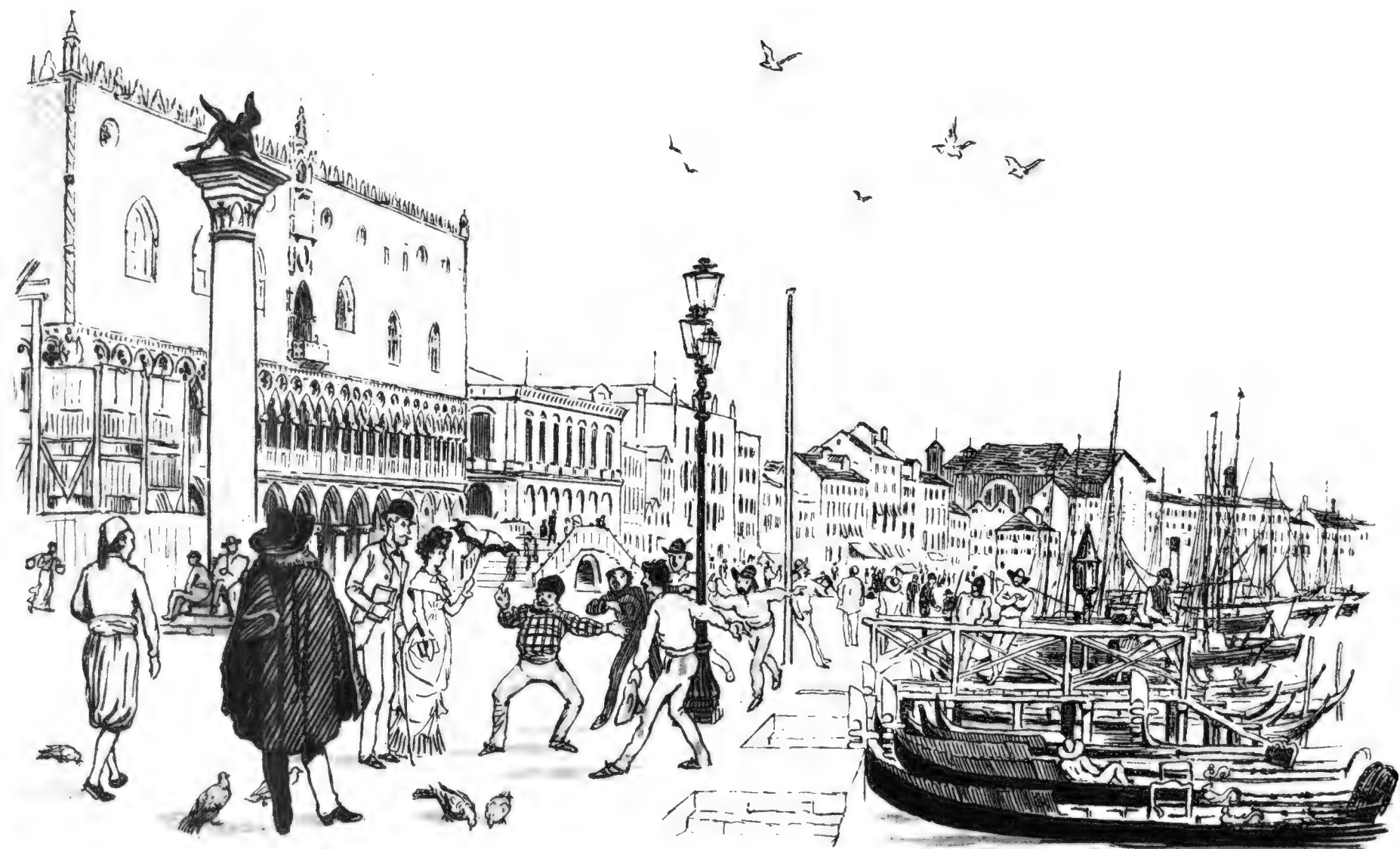
DOGE is like — we could not find an exact Doge; but we give you 2 or 3 heads of men who are very like Doges — perhaps descendants — Mocenigos, Grimmanis, &c. — they were sketches in S. MARK'S — The sort of men TINTORET would have made capital portraits of. You have

seen specimens of

his powers — but you do not know the style of CARPACCIO. His pictures here are very fine. We intended to have worked in his manner: we can't, however. Our style is not a bit like his.



This is a scene near TORCELLO the island of the lagoons first peopled — now unhealthy & almost peopleless. to go there in a gondola is a sweet change when the peach & cherry are in blossom. It has a fine church.



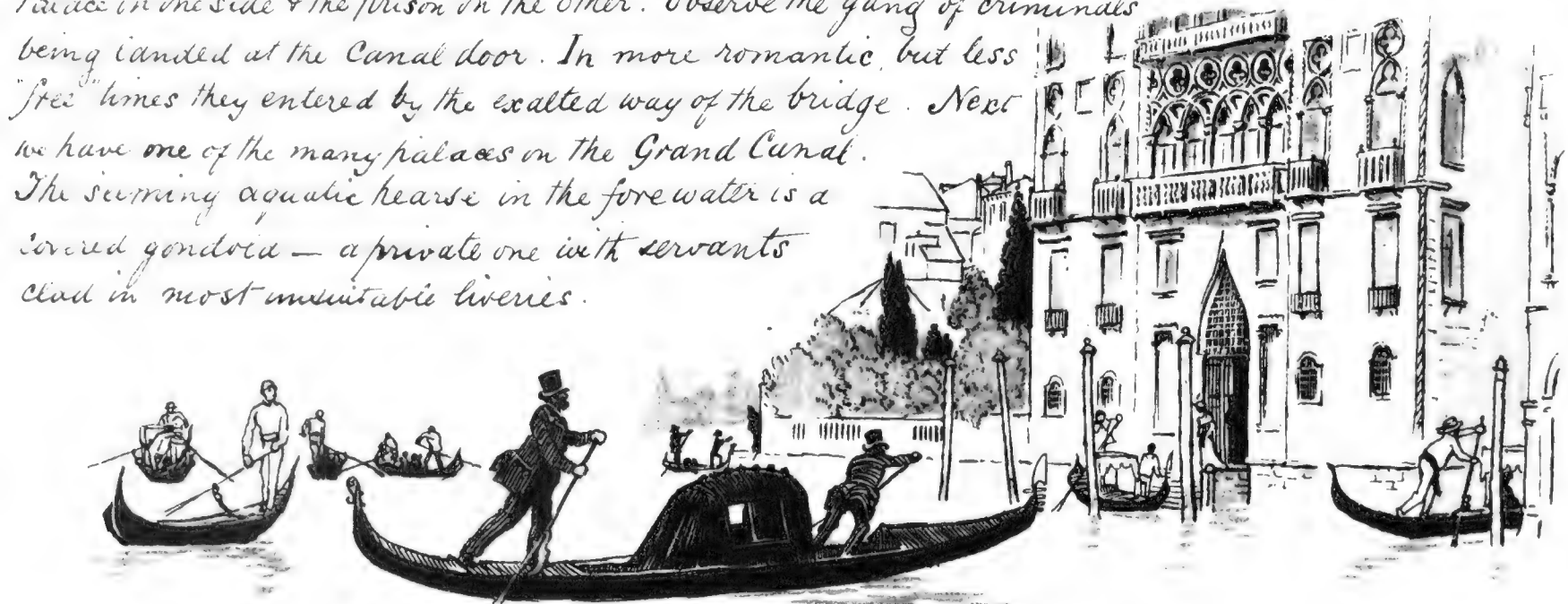
Here is the scene at the chief gondola stand — on the quay under the 2 famous columns — you see in the sketch that which bears the Lion of S. Mark on the top. You also see part of the often-painted — or rather, often pictured — Doge's Palace. The corner facing us is often hidden & uglified by scaffolding & hoardings behind

which they are "restoring" — obliged to do so for the sake of safety, it is said. One of the sculptors engaged spent much time, zeal, & pains — working for little money — in copying one of the old capitals of the lower pillars, & on finding the result unsatisfactory to the committee, he went home & died without more ado. Poor earnest artist!

Notice the rush of gondoliers at the Murray'd & Ruskin'd Britons.

On the left here is a little view of a bridge & corner in a back canal, & on the right — now be calm! — is the Bridge of Sighs, with the Doge's

Palace on one side & the prison on the other. Observe the gang of criminals being landed at the Canal door. In more romantic, but less "free" times they entered by the exalted way of the bridge. Next we have one of the many palaces on the Grand Canal. The swarming aquatic hearse in the fore water is a covered gondola — a private one with servants clad in most unsuitable liveries.





While gliding round the edge of the city we came upon the above peaceful scene of a boat taking in a cargo of clean clothes & washerwomen. The passing sail is but a mild specimen of the splendidly coloured & wonderfully ornamented sails which dot the lagoons.

How brilliant they are when the sun is on them! And have not painters revelled in them? By the next sketch we are

reminded that although the food in the Inns of Italy is

not always well-pleasing to the

stranger yet he

never seems to yearn

for a taste of the dried

stock-fish



at Venice, which he so often sees being prepared (rendered tender for eating) in the manner here shown.

The market-scene is a sketch of a few fish-stalls in an out-of-the-way piazza on a small canal. Late summer & the autumn are the seasons for the fruit-laden boats & pumpkin-piled quays.

In the drawing below you can see how the women of the shopkeeping class & those below them dress. The scene is at one of the many ferries on the Grand Canal - the domes in the background belong to the church of S. Maria della Salute, which you know so well from pictures. It is one of the least interesting in the city.





A Sketch from our windows The isle, campanile, & Church of S. Giorgio Maggiore are in the distance (also part of the Giudecca island) & people in small boats & gondolas are flocking to a church site. On the left is the steamboat off to the island of the LIDO, where they bathe & walk on the sandy shore of the Adriatic. In the foreground



is the Quay of the Slaves with a juggler entertaining a group of soldiers & other strollers. It is chilly in the wind & some of the men wear their fur collared cloaks



To give you sketches of VENICE without a view of the Doge's Palace & the great Campanile as seen from the island of S. Giorgio would be so unheard of a thing that we have made a little drawing just to prove our locality.

THE COLLEONI MONUMENT

The RIALTO too

— here is a view of it: but

not from the canal. You see people crowding about & up the steps of the famous bridge to do their morning marketing. There is more traffic in dandelion than in foreign stocks.

And the PIAZZA. Here it is at last! with S. MARK's in the background, the base of the Campanile & M. B. painting S. MARK's for M. Ruskin in the middle, Florian's Café on the right, & tourists seeding the pigeons in front.



SEPT. 11, 1880

making a desperate effort to be audible. "Well, we happen to be acquainted with Signor Melloni, the Director of the Observatory yonder; so we chartered a steamer from Ischia to Portici, and from Portici went direct to the Observatory, where we remained all the afternoon. We saw the lava-stream pour down the Atrio del Cavallo and shape its course for San Sebastiano. Yes, indeed!—a terrible sight! The inhabitants flying for their lives—the vineyards disappearing as the molten mass moved on—then the town reached, crushed, and fired . . . oh, appalling! As for the noise, the heat, the smoke, and the sulphur-fumes, they were overwhelming. When we came in half-an-hour ago, you would not have recognised us. We were as black as niggers."

"But you must have been in great danger," said Winifred, turning to the Countess Castellosso.

"Danger?—none at all, Lady Brackenbury; unless from suffocation. Stationed as the Observatory is on a spur of the mountain—ah! you have not been up Vesuvius? Well, then, imagine yourself standing on the Montanvert and looking down up on the Mer de Glace; only instead of a fixed torrent of bristling ice, you look down upon a steadily moving stream of red-hot lava! You don't know the Mer de Glace, Lady Brackenbury? How happy you are to have Chamounix yet to come! Do you read Dante? Well, now, do you know I have a theory about the Inferno; and my theory is that Dante took his notion of the lowest circle from a Swiss glacier, and his circle of fire from an eruption of Vesuvius. He might well have passed through Switzerland or Savoy, when he went to Paris, you know; and as for Vesuvius, there was an eruption in 1306—so Murray says; and in 1306, Dante would have been forty-one years of age. You remember the description of the city of Dis, with its red-hot towers and battlements; and beyond those, the lake of burning pitch? You have only to look out of the window, and there you have the whole scene! How I wish you could have been with us this afternoon! Ah, don't shake your head, dear Lady Brackenbury!—we would have insisted, and you would have gone. There was absolutely no danger. And such a sight!—I would not have missed it for worlds. An awful calamity, of course; but if such a calamity *must* take place—and Signor Melloni says the crater was full of lava—then we are all wonderfully fortunate to be in Naples at the time."

Winifred looked at her, half doubting whether she really quite liked this brilliant, graceful, voluble creature who seemed so willing to please and be pleased. "Wonderfully fortunate!"—as if anything connected with such a dread catastrophe could be "wonderfully fortunate!" And then all this easy theorising about Dante; and this babble of Switzerland, and Chamounix, and the Mer de Glace!

"How tremendous the reverberations are, even at this distance!" said the Countess. "It is like sitting down to dinner in a besieged city—only more grand and awful. Ah! Lady Brackenbury, you are thinking that I don't know what that is; but you are mistaken. I am familiar with most of the horrors of war. I went through the greater part of the campaign in Texas—in the ambulance service, *bien entendu*. Did you suppose that I shouldered a musket and served in the ranks? Heavens! what an explosion! The eruption is certainly increasing in violence!"

(To be continued.)



"TRUTH embodied in a tale" often makes way where serious argument would be useless; and "The Tcherkess and his Victim" (J. Hodges, King William Street, Charing Cross) is sensational enough to seize the attention of even the most careless. The writer says he has lived a long time among the Turks, and assures us that what he tells has most of it actually happened, and that many of the opinions which form the seasoning of his story he himself heard from people well acquainted with the country. He, therefore, claims that his "sketches of the moral, social, and political aspects of life at Constantinople are realistic." His views are clear enough; the Turk can't reform, let him do so and he ceases to be; all the Hatt-i-Sherifs and Hatt-i-Houmayouns have done harm rather than good; the reform that is needed is not in the laws but in the administering of them, and this is just the last change that can be introduced. He, with Molière's Scapin, thinks that the Turk has no conscience in our sense of the term; the word doesn't exist in his language, which, by the way, is wholly unfit to be a vehicle of European thought. For the Greek, on the contrary, there is not only hope but certainty of progress; his faults are on the surface, we dislike him because in our ignorance we mistake the Levantine for the Greek proper. The more you know this latter the better you like him. As for the Turk, he has not a single good quality; his supposed kindness to children and animals is all "bosh;" and as for "the pure simplicity of his faith," there is in it more blindness of superstition, and in his ceremonies more absurd mummery, than in the most debased forms of Christianity in the darkest ages. We have heard all this before; but our author couples it with a tale, of which we seem to have read portions in some juvenile magazine, about a ruffianly Circassian Bey who carries off a Greek priest's daughter to his "training establishment for odalisques," and a huge negro who guards the said establishment, and an American who, with the help of a mysterious dwarf, sets fire to the Bey's house and rescues the maiden. There is a desperate fight in the great cemetery at Scutari, and unfortunately the giant in his death agony kills the dwarf; but all ends well, the American marrying the rescued maiden; and that "such things happen more often than you imagine in the Turkish capital" we will believe when we find Americans whose fathers have "struck ile" acting as Wildman is described as doing. Many people will believe anything about the un-speakable Turk; but our author tries the faith of even the most credulous.

Mr. Jefferies is determined not to rest on his laurels. While "Hodge and His Masters" is still fresh in our minds, he gives us, in "Round About a Great Estate" (Smith and Elder), a number of sketches, in his old style, but with very little actual repetition, of "the former state of things before it passes away entirely." Those who know Mr. Jefferies's books must perforce admire both his style and matter; and this volume strikes us as one of his best. Hilary Lockett, the olden time farmer, partly tenant, partly freeholder, is drawn to the life—not merely outlined, but finished with a care which is wanting in some of the author's works. So is Tibbald, the old miller, who thinks men are sadly degenerated since the days when they brought their own wheat to be ground at the mill, and laked their bread at home. Certainly his feats—lifting 5cwt., pencilling one's name on the brewhouse ceiling with a ½ cwt. hung on the little finger, &c.—are startling enough. There is the usual array of small facts—that spring-water, for instance, rots timber far quicker than river water; and the usual lovely bits of word-painting—the lovelier because they seem spontaneous. There is, too, plenty of matter for serious thought. Thus the change wrought by root crops is hit off in a few lines. "The wicked turnip" destroyed the good and old galloping grounds. It put diamonds on the farmer's wife's fingers, and presently raised his rent; and now some of the land is getting "turnip-sick"—a truth which some farmers have not yet realised. Mr. Gladstone's imitators will delight in an analysis of the

charm of tree-felling; and every one will rejoice that the old hard-drinking days, when farmers used to assemble at some lonely homestead, put to the shutters, and go on without caring whether it was day or night, and when the kettle was kept filled with spirit to reduce (?) the strength of any shirker's glass, are happily gone. Gin, by the way, came very late into the Down country. It was brought in, we are told, by one of Hilary's contemporaries during the good times of dear wheat, and was for a long time known as "spoon-drink."

"Byron" (Macmillan) was sure to appear pretty soon among "English Men of Letters," and Mr. J. Nichol has acquitted himself fairly well in a difficult task. In his closing chapter on Byron's place in literature he notes the poet's intense personality, "vanity and pride perpetually struggling for the mastery; his verse and prose are alike biographical, and the inequalities of his style are those of his career—he has no relation to the master-minds whose works reflect a nation or an era." An aristocrat in sentiment, a democrat in opinion, he never forgot that he was first a peer, then a poet, and "part of his interest in Greece lay in the fact that in a country of classic memories he thought a man might be the champion of liberty without soiling himself in the arena." His morbid sensitiveness was, of course, due to a state of mind closely bordering on insanity; the man who, in a rage, could fling a favourite watch into the fire, and grind it up with the poker, was certainly not quite as other men are. A wiser marriage might have done wonders for him; but Lady Byron had neither wisdom nor forbearance. Why she left him as she did is a mystery which Mr. Nichol does nothing to unravel. Of course he throws deserved contempt on Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's horrible insinuations; but he has no way of accounting for the playfully affectionate letter with which the wife preluded her refusal to return, and he wholly disbelieves in the scandal about Mrs. Madyon. As a poet Byron will outlive many whom the reaction against him placed above him. Carlyle, allowing the unsatisfactoriness and want of balance of the man to blind him to his true poetic merits, said "Close thy Byron and open thy Goethe;" but, turning to Goethe, we find him urging Eckermann to learn English in order to read him, and saying that: "the beauty of *Cain* is such as we shall not see a second time in the world." Mr. Nichol, too, rates *Cain* very highly. It is not original—Byron seldom is; but it is a marvellous modernising of Milton. "Parts of it leave us with impressions of grandeur and desolation which no other passages of English poetry can convey. . . . Between it and the *Cenci* lies the award of the greatest single performance in dramatic shape of our century." It is amusing to us, who every month listen patiently to lady agnostics preaching in reviews and magazines, to look on the storm which *Cain* raised: "the rage of insular orthodoxy was in proportion to its impotence." The book was pirated, and Lord Eldon refused to grant an injunction; while Dr. Watkins, amid much inarticulate raving, said that Scott, who had accepted the dedication, would go down to posterity with the brand of *Cain* on his brow. Yet in *Cain* there is none of the definite antagonism to Christianity which pervades *Queen Mab*. Shelley had a firm non-Christian faith and the courage of his convictions; Byron was a sceptic in the proper sense of the word, "beset with doubts and seeking for a solution which he never found, shifting in his expression of them with every change of a fickle and inconsistent temperament." Here and elsewhere Mr. Nichol shows critical insight. In his high estimate of *Don Juan*, "which more than any of its precursors is Byron, and has been similarly handled," and of *Beppo*, we fully coincide. But his criticism is not always firm; he wavers; at one time Goethe's praise moves him, at another the consensus of all foreign critics, down to Signor Castelar, merely proves to him that Byron is a surface poet, not a word of whom is lost in translation, not one of whose ideas transcends the ordinary range. Byron wrote hastily; though we take his talk about never correcting, and being "like the tiger who, if he misses his first spring, goes back grumbling to his jungle," as we do the rest of his talk about himself—with a very large grain of salt. He had none of "that thirst after completeness which marks the consummate artist;" but it depends on one's definition of poetry whether that is the highest kind which will bear the "minute word-by-word dissection which only brings into clearer view the delicate touches of Keats or Tennyson." His pictures with a big brush were never meant for the microscope; but they are grand pictures nevertheless, and one does not apply a microscope to Titian or the other masters of colouring. On the whole, while Mr. Nichol's book is up to the level of the series, he deals better with the man than with the poet; his "Life" is good throughout; we specially commend his remarks on the statesman-like wisdom and practical energy which marked Byron's work in Greece.

Every fresh issue of "Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland" (A. and C. Black, Edinburgh) is a fresh proof of its well-established reputation. Of this twenty-second edition the special features are a complete revision, often amounting to re-writing, many more illustrations (every tourist knows the value of these when the guide book becomes a book of reference), and an account of the newly-opened Callander and Oban line, which, skirting the Braes of Balquhider and the head of Loch Awe, reaches Oban by way of the Pass of Brander. We are glad to find that among the "skeleton tours" the scenery of Loch Broom and Glen Moriston is brought into deserved prominence. In a book of nearly 700 pages there is room for everything; and not only have we a good account of Sutherland and Caithness, but even of the Orkneys and Shetlands, and of far-off St. Kilda.

Those who wish to believe that a medium can charm a five-shilling piece out of a sealed box, replacing it by a bit of slate pencil, the fastenings being maintained intact, and that a table becomes occasionally so restive as to rise with all four feet at once like an Australian buckjumper, will be delighted with "Psychic Facts" and still more with "Zöllner's Transcendental Physics" (both W. H. Harrison, Museum Street). That Slade had not a fair trial, only Mr. Wallace and three others being heard in his favour; that Maskelyne's attempt at reproducing his slate phenomena failed more completely than the tricks of the Egyptian enchanters before Moses; that very few Spiritualists become insane, and none by reason of their creed; and that Judge Edmonds' daughter was able not only to converse in their own tongue with Poles and Greeks and Red Indians, but also to perform the far harder feat of making a girl who knew nothing but Yankee-French talk to her in pure Parisian—is all "proved" in "Psychic Facts," which volume also tells us of Signor Damiani's wager on the plan of Mr. Hampden's about the figure of the earth, of Dr. Hare's and Mr. Crookes' apparatus for testing "psychical phenomena," and of wonderful Watkins, the American slate-medium. Professor Zöllner's book is almost wholly about Slade, in whom we are invited to believe because the Grand Duke Constantine was converted by him, just as special credit is claimed for Mr. Home because the Czar gave him a diamond ring, and Emperor William talked to him "by no means sceptically." Despite their grand friends the Spiritualists have a strange weakness for slipshod English. "It is me," though defensible (Professor F. Newman prefers it), is unusual; and "thou understandeth," on the first page of "Transcendental Physics," is much more unusual. That there is some occult force, call it mesmeric or galvanic, whereby some living organisms can act on some others, as a snake fascinates a bird, most of us believe. Dr. Elliston went no further than this; when little Katie and Maggie Fox of Hydesville invented spirit-rapping, attributing it to "old Splitfoot," a new and to our minds most repulsive element was introduced into what theretofore ceased to be tentative science, and became imbecility or imposture.

"Poeta nascitur et fit" is the new and plausible version of the old saw; but poems made by rule and measure are seldom poetical.

We should not expect much poetry in the Chinese sonnets shaped like a cow or a man's head, and the "wings" and "altars" of Donne and Herbert owe more to their quaintness than to their poetic inspiration. That such artificial poems are, however, often great fun is shown in almost every page of "Literary Frivolities" (Chatto and Windus). Here Mr. Dobson treats of alliterative poems, macaronics, nonsense verses (including the amusing patchwork of Laman Blanchard and Edward Lear). He is great on *bouts rimés*, and the Bath-easton "Temple of Apollo," and some of his Echo poems, e.g.,

She mayn't love dress; and, I again, then,
May come too plain, and she'll complain then;
Echo: "Come plain then,"

were quite worth preserving. Is he right in claiming for *Eentley* the choice verses beginning

O Mari æva si formæ
Formæ ure tonitru,

and in which occur the never-surpassed lines:

Ah me! Plano more meretrix
Mi ardor vel uno?

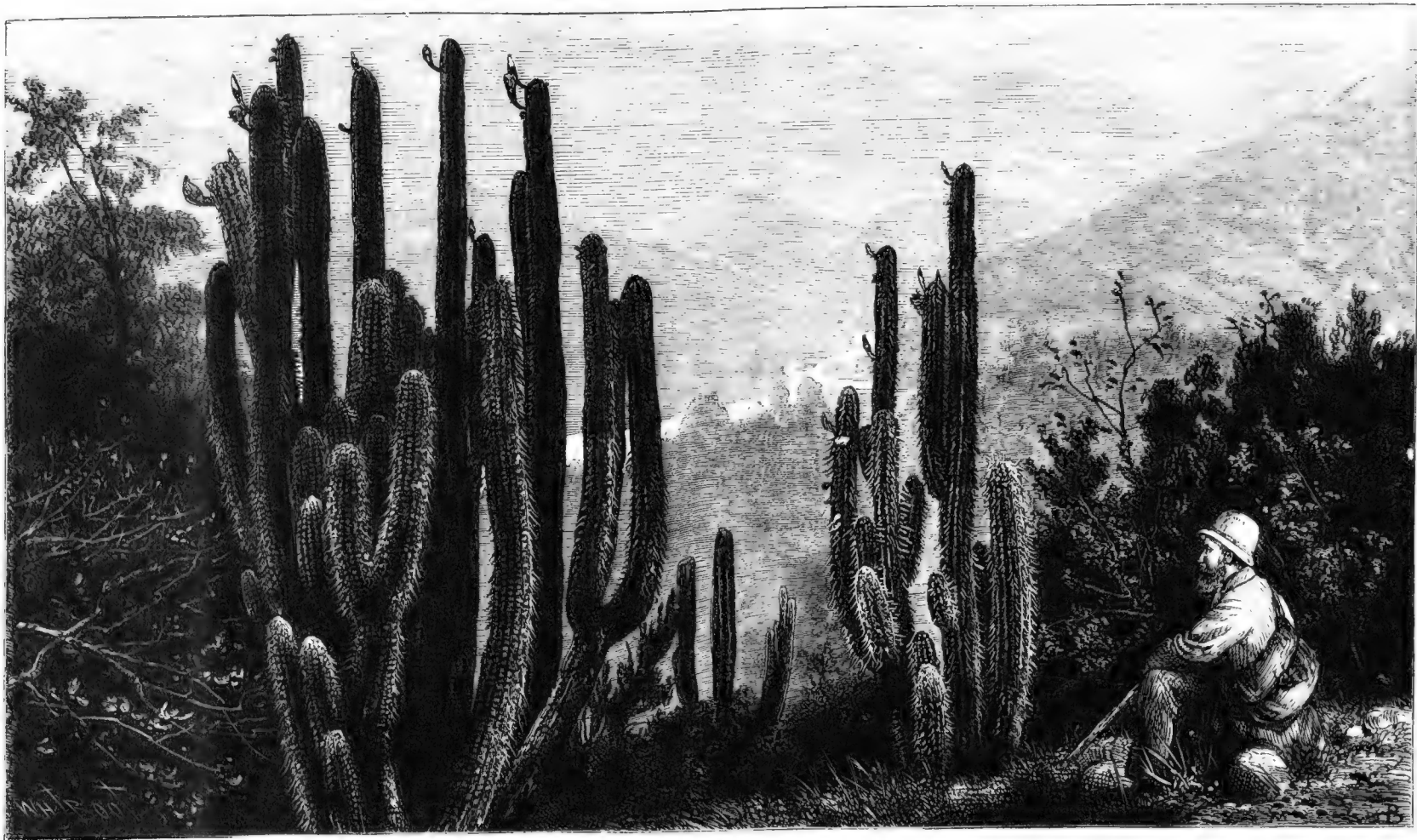
The "Mayfair Library" will do well if it gives us many books like Mr. Dobson's.



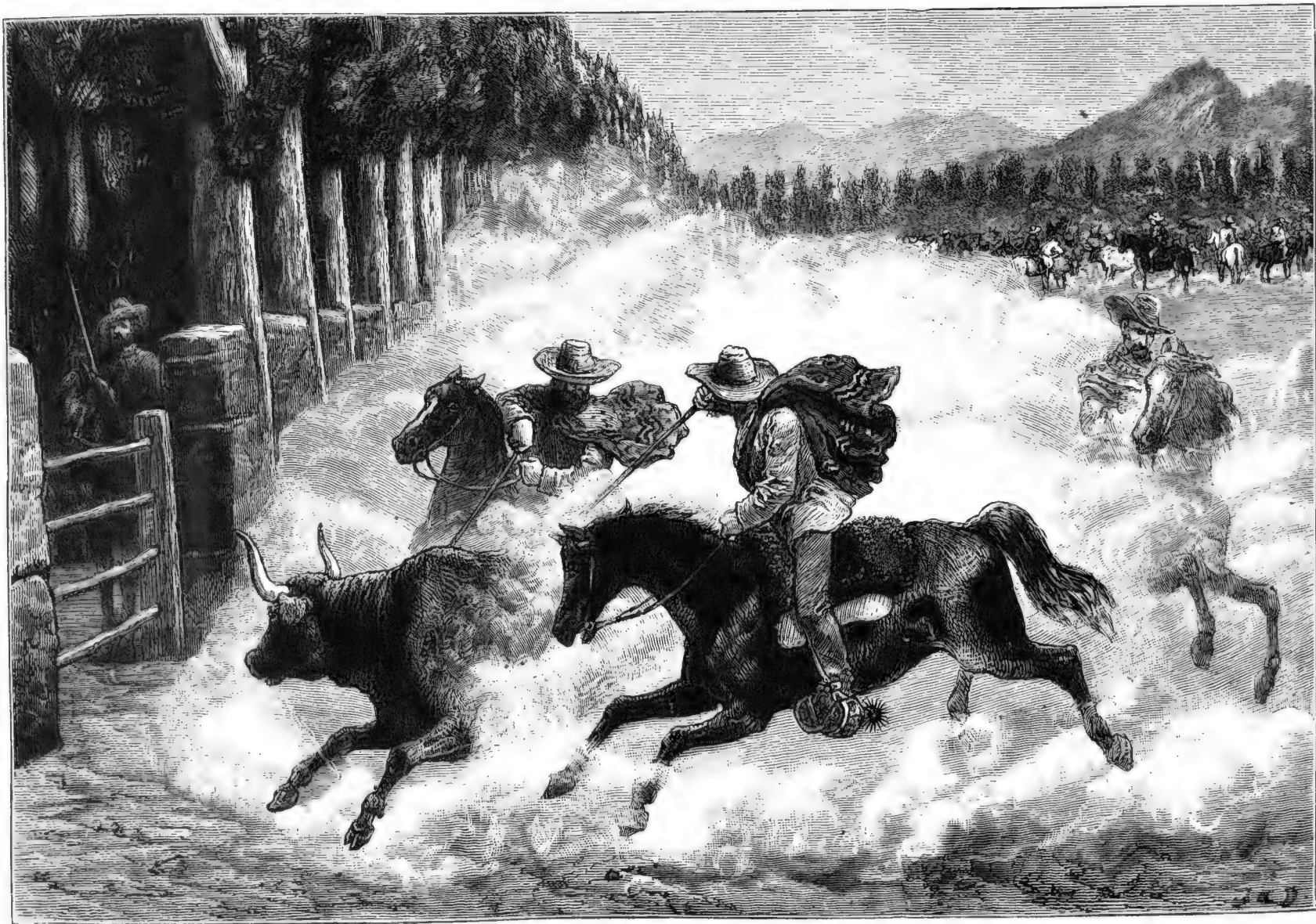
"WHITE WINGS: A Yachting Romance." By William Black (3 vols., Macmillan and Co.).—"White Wings" is one of those brilliantly picturesque guide-books written in the style of which Mr. Black is inventor and sole proprietor, and which first made its appearance in the "Adventures of a Phaeton." In the yacht, the *White Dove*, Mr. Black carries us—for not quite the first time—among the Hebrides, and those simple islanders and Highlanders whose "And are you ferry well whatever?" he has made a household word. Under the circumstances, it is almost needless to note that our exceedingly familiar acquaintance Queen Tita, or Queen Titania, or Queen T., is commander of the expedition, and that the book is full of allusions which will be perfectly well understood except by those who do not happen to have Mr. Black's previous works at their fingers' ends. We are not quite sure that, in an otherwise obscure passage, we do not catch a flying glimpse of "Our Bell." At any rate, her part as ballad singer in ordinary to the party is well supported by a girl who sings "The Four Maries" with a persistency that would make her a little tiresome in less congenial companies, and who is as troublesome as "Our Bell" herself in refusing, for three whole volumes, to come to a perfectly easy and natural understanding with the young *savant* who takes the *rôle* which the Prussian Lieutenant once played. From these premises it may be gathered that there is but little novelty or depth of interest in "White Wings"—that it is but one more variation on that tune which Mr. Black never wearies of performing upon one string. But though in this respect, and still more by reason of its cumbrous playfulness and other well-worn mannerisms, it has a generally irritating flavour, it will be found pleasantly lazy reading by those—if such there be—to whom the peculiarities of Queen Tita and of the Islands of "Whatever" are still insufficiently known. The best and newest thing in the guide book which Mr. Black eccentrically calls a romance is the character of the Laird of Denymains. He is a bore of the most intolerable kind, and we have a great deal too much of him; for even genius cannot prevent a bore from being a bore when monotony of speech and idea is his note and brand. We feel quite sure that in any ordinary company the best and noblest of men who talked about one or two topics as the Laird talked about the local government of Strathgovan and his friend Tom Galbraith would have been thrown overboard before the voyage was half through. Nevertheless, there is something really fine in the general portrait of the simply and modestly true hearted, pious, and generous Scotch gentleman, with his pedantries, his provincialisms, and his utterly unfathomable ideas of wit and humour, but with a capacity for unconscious heroism where his heart and his sense of right are concerned. As to the essential nature of the book, everybody knows how Mr. Black can describe nature—not always faithfully, and often rather gushingly, but always with a genuine enthusiasm that makes us see things as he sees them, and gives the effect of a vivid picture in which glow of colour is by no means sacrificed to severity of form. He is essentially himself throughout the book: and though his stock characters and his favourite seas have long lost their original freshness in his hands, and his naturally monotonous style its old flavour, still it is impossible to say less of "White Wings" than that it is "ferry well whatever."

"Carmela," a Novel, by the Princess Olga Cantacuzène; translated from the French by Madame Klaus (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—The story of Carmela is of almost as polyglot a character as its title page; the characters are French, German, English, and Italian, and each of their countries serves in turn for a stage. The novel is well intended, and, from a moderately Catholic point of view, endeavours to teach that the great virtue of womanhood consists of absolute self-abnegation—a doctrine which it pushes to a morbidly exaggerated extreme. It fails to make us feel that Carmela, a woman of genius—as we are told she is—was a model to be imitated in so far as she was incapable of giving happiness or doing good except in the spirit of a martyr. To pass to minor matters, she is one of those heroines, as familiar to readers of fiction as they are unknown to all other persons, who can draw ecstatic tears from an audience by their extemporisations on instruments which they have never seen before, and inflict an exalted but desperate passion upon every man who comes within the circle of their fascination. The book is neither pleasant nor interesting, and can only gratify a special class of readers by its excessive sentimentality. The women are either angels, or idiots, or fiends; the men are even ridiculously impossible in all that they say or do—though it is fair to add that the incredibly virtuous and invisibly intellectual young nobleman of French religious novels is by no means the invention of the Princess Olga Cantacuzène. She writes of England as if she really knew a little about it, and with a refreshing freedom from anything like bigotry. For the rest, not much can be said in favour of the novel, or of the English into which it has been translated.

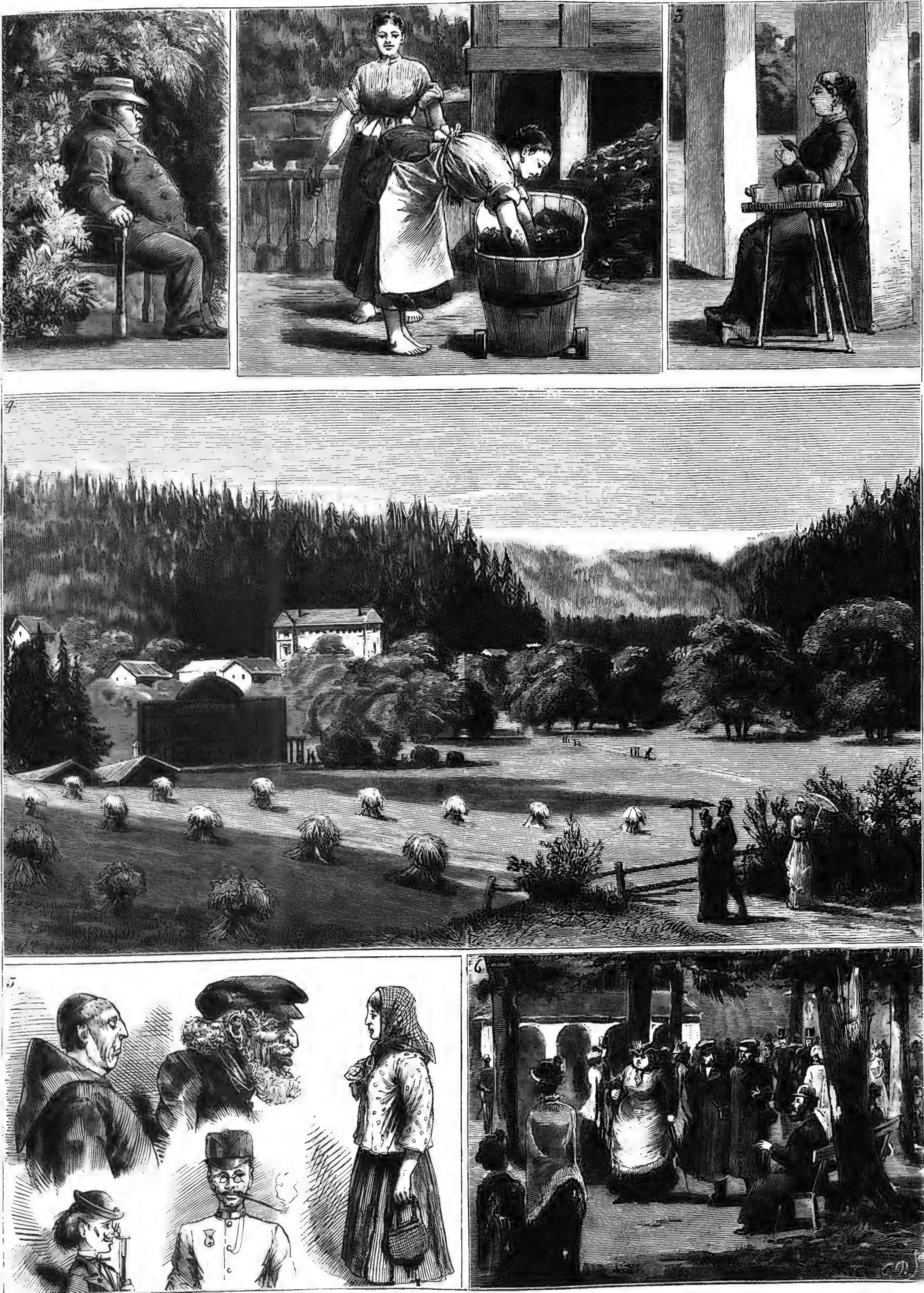
In "Mildred Forrester," by Adma (Samuel Tinsley), we have the stern, yet weak, father who disapproves of the young man who wishes to marry his daughter, yet has no scruple in threatening her with an objectionable stepmother. We have the brother who falls in love with a gamekeeper's granddaughter who had a gentleman for a father—and so on, through the list of the milder order of marionettes, whose purpose is to prove that the teacup of love never was without a storm. Only the cruellest of critics can find it in his heart to speak harshly of such books as "Mildred Forrester," which can only be spoken of as a class, and are as like one another in all things as in the ring of their titles. They are of no earthly use, but they are so exceedingly harmless as to claim indulgence on that score alone. It is impossible to conceive why people should take the trouble to write them; but then, on the other hand, there are a great many better books which call for infinitely more blame. "Mildred Forrester" is a fair specimen of its class, and may, therefore, be recommended to those who care for the description of novel to which it belongs.



CACTI IN BLOOM



BRANDING CATTLE
AT A CHILIAN RODEO—III.



1. Basking in the Sun.—2. Preparing the Mud-Bath.—3. The Maid-in-Waiting at the “Ferdinand Brunnen.”—4. A View from the Cornfields.—5. Heads of the People.—6. In the Pine-wood by the Wald-Quelle.

SKETCHES AT MARIENBAD, BOHEMIA

of them, a man named Wright, who happened to be in the vicinity of the Sessions House, was at once arrested, tried, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

A STRANGE AFFAIR is reported from Lancashire. A constable, while conveying prisoners in the police-van to Salford Gaol, lost the warrants of commitment, and on discovering the mishap drove them back to Rochdale, where (so runs the report) they were set at liberty.

AN INGENIOUS FRAUD has for some time past been carried on at the expense of the riverside population at the East End of London, the swindler's plan being to go to wives of men employed on barges or wharves, and say that their husbands had fallen into the water and wanted a change of clothes. Some hundreds of "best suits" have been parted with on the faith of these representatives, and the police have now in custody the man who is supposed to be the person "wanted" for the frauds.

THE WIMBLEDON MARKING SCANDAL.—The court-martial on Sergeant Marshman is still going on. The defence, as read by the prisoner's "friend," Lieutenant Edye, is in effect a denial in toto of the whole of the charges, an imputation of perjury against the witness Sage, and an attempt to show the utter impossibility of the alleged frauds. Several witnesses have already been examined on behalf of the accused.

A CURIOUS PLEA was the other day urged in answer to a charge of keeping a dog without a licence, namely, that the owner had not long been in England, and that the animal being an American subject the Revenue could not claim a tax for it. The ingenious contention was however unavailing, and the defendant had to pay a fine.

JEWEL ROBBERIES are again getting fashionable. Sir Percy Shelley's house on the Chelsea Embankment was the other night visited by a burglar who, being challenged by Sir Percy, made a

hurried escape taking only a watch and chain. Amptill House, Bedfordshire, the residence of the Hon. W. Lowther, M.P., was broken into on Monday by thieves, who carried off a large quantity of jewellery. On Saturday the police of Bedford arrested five persons, and took possession of several thousand pounds' worth of watches and jewellery, supposed to be the proceeds of recent burglaries in the neighbourhood.

THE ALLEGED REGISTRY OFFICE FRAUDS.—The charges against Messrs. Pipe and Jackson, to which we have already alluded to more than once, were again before Mr. De Rutzen on Friday last, when some witnesses were called to show that a *bona fide* business was carried on by the accused, and their counsel urged that there was no evidence to show either conspiracy or fraud. The magistrate, however, said that in his opinion there was ample evidence for the consideration of a jury, and both prisoners were accordingly committed for trial, bail being allowed for each.

BIRTH.

On the 6th inst., at 6, Heathfield Gardens, Hampstead Heath, N.W., the wife of HENRY EDWARD MILLAR, of a son.

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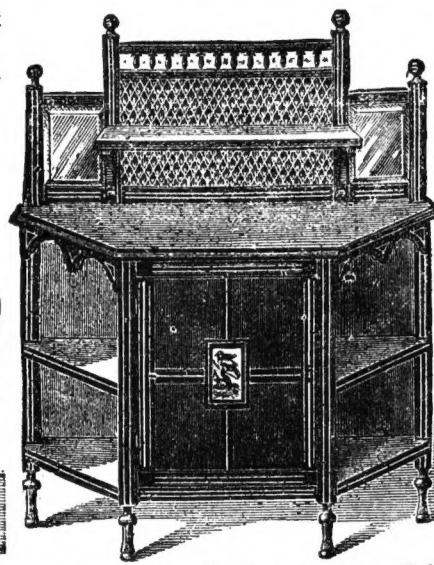
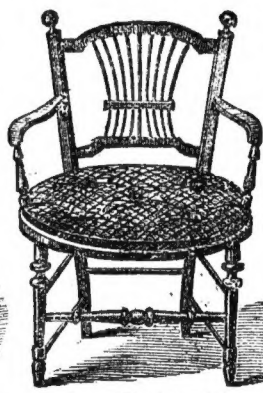
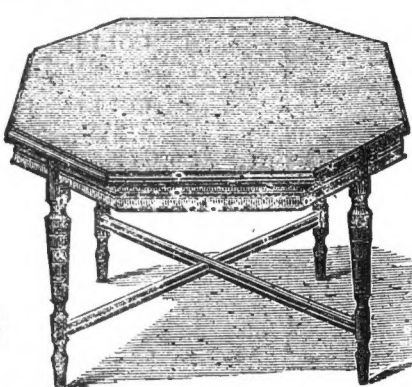
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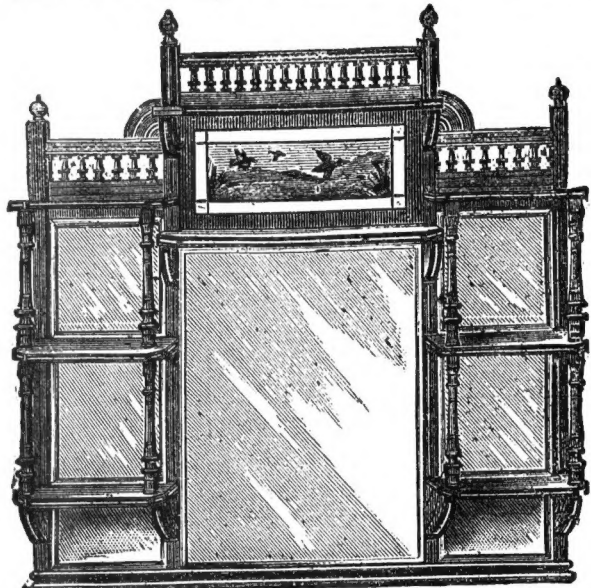
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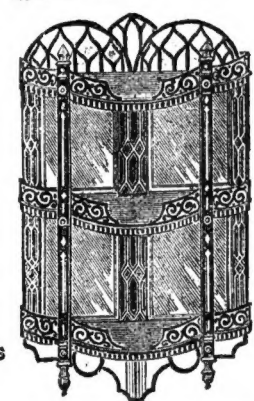
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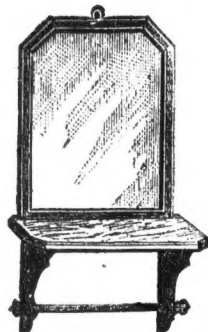
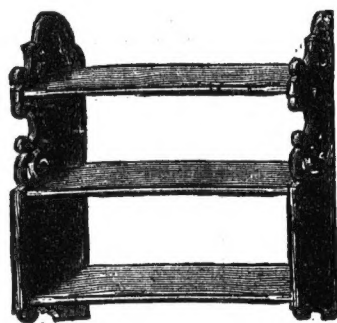
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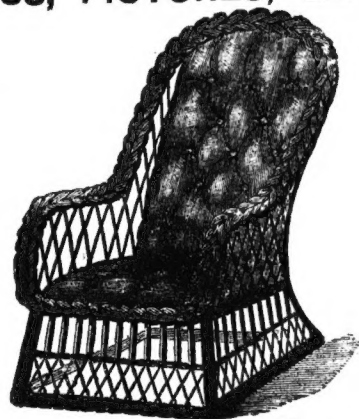
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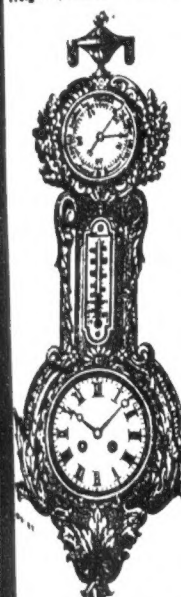
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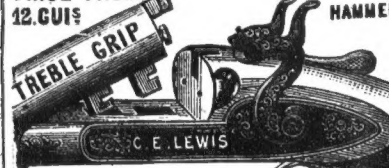
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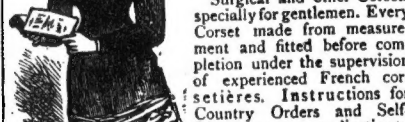
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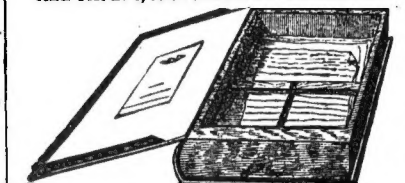
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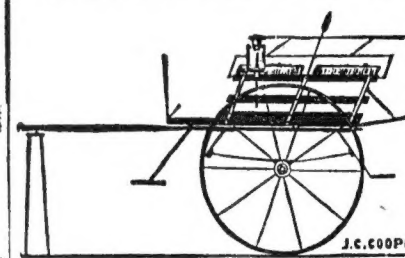
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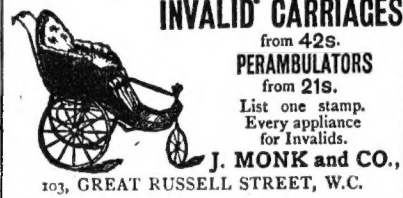
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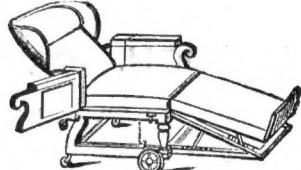


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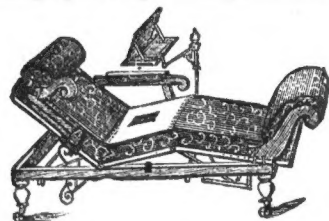
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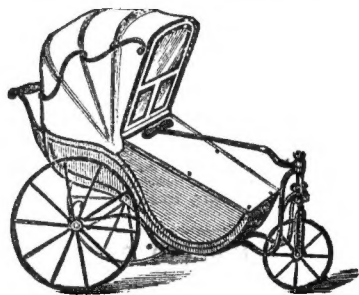
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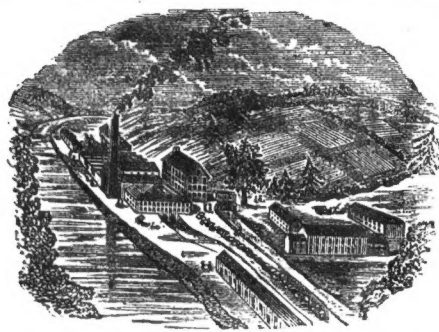
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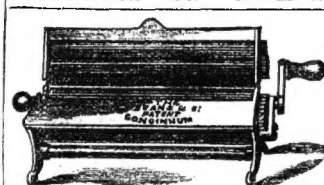
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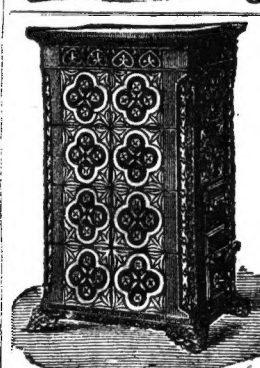
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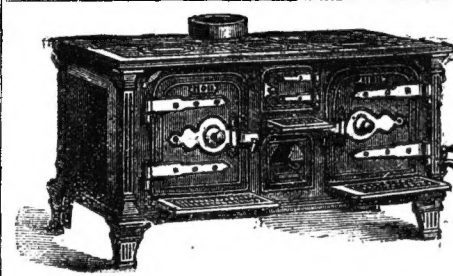
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